Week ending July 10 1954
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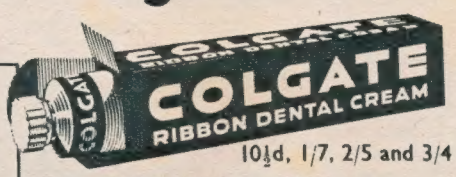

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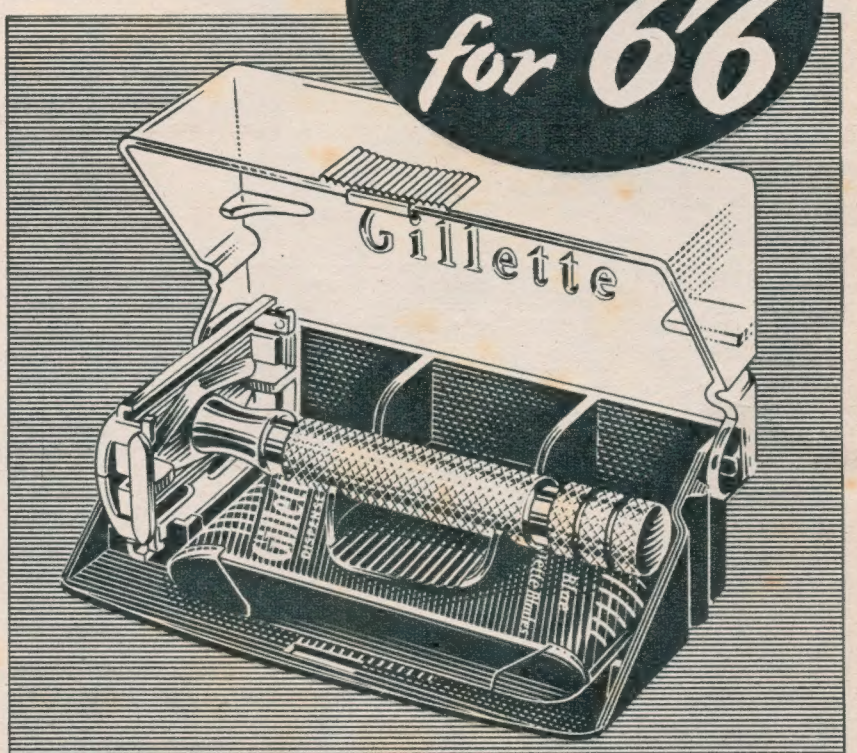

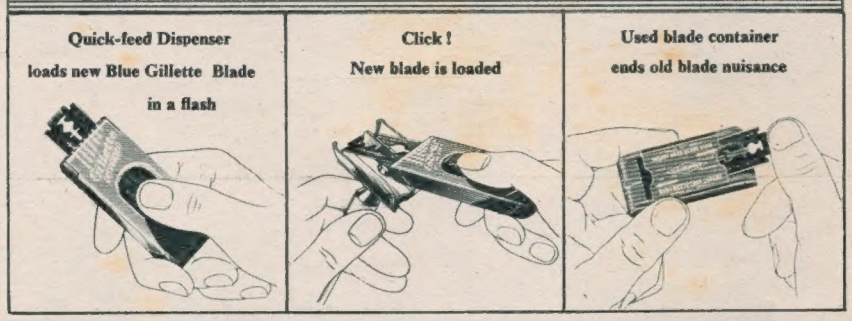
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EDITORIAL

Income tax sprats

BRUCE DOOLAND, Australian bowler of leg-breaks, received £48 15s. from eleven collections made by shaking a box round club grounds when he was playing in Lancashire League cricket in 1951.

The income tax collector learned about this. He was entitled to *try* to collect tax on it. But, when Dooland appealed, the Inland Revenue Commissioners decided that no tax was payable on the pennies and sixpences given in tribute to a popular cricket star.

With misdirected determination, the tax people appealed to the High Court. And there they got a well-justified rebuke from Mr. Justice Harman.

'YOU spend too much time catching sprats while the mackerel swim free in the ocean,'' he told them. "I cannot help thinking that it would be more profitable to the general body of taxpayers if the more elusive gentry were investigated — those who, to the wrath of many law-abiding citizens, appear to pay less tax than they ought.

BRUCE DOOLAND
He can keep his coppers

"I have listened for two days to this case,'' the judge added. "I am getting tired of listening to a matter which might have been left alone.''

He emphatically ruled against the tax collectors. Bruce Dooland can keep all the coppers from those collecting-boxes.

Quite right, too! For the persecution of small taxpayers is growing, while big debtors get away with financial murder.

A CLERGYMAN is brought to court over a matter of £8 which he charged as expenses incurred in necessary entertainment of his bishop. He was considered fair game for the utmost rigour of the tax law.

But when that influential body, the Institute of Directors, protested about detailed questioning of its members' expenses, a Ministerial apology was sent.

And there are frequent cases of actors, writers and businessmen of the more erratic type, who are allowed to owe fortunes to the Inland Revenue.

THEY spend their big money before tax on it falls due. They postpone settlement still longer by arguing. Finally they are allowed to go on owing—on the theory that to break them will kill the goose which ought to lay the golden eggs . . . some day.

These are the people whom the income tax men should chase—not the small taxpayers whom P.A.Y.E. automatically relieves of their money, and who should not be harried for possible extra sixpences and shillings.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

EGYPTIANS worshipped and embalmed them, the Middle Ages mocked and tortured them, the twentieth century pampers them—and recently Gerald Fancett cursed them strongly and silently. His cover painting shows one occasion when he thought that Britain's seven million cat population was one too many. "I'm fond of cats,'' he says. "But my new path isn't the film star footprint pavement of Hollywood s' Chinese Theatre.''

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The special Brylcreem emulsion enables the oil to spread as a thin film evenly over the hair, coating every hair-strand. The surface tension holds the hairs together firmly but gently. Every hair is supple and lustrous. What's more, massage with Brylcreem frees the mouths of the follicles along which the hair grows, thus facilitating the normal flow of sebum, the scalp's natural oil. Avoid that greased-down look. Use Brylcreem, the healthy hairdressing, for the clean, smart look. Tubs 1/8, 2/6 and 4/6, or handy tubes 2/6.

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for smart healthy hair

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No more "Sorry, it's only marge!", because now you can get Stork! And you'd never say sorry about a creamy taste like that—creamier than you ever thought possible!

One taste and you'll wonder how anything called margarine *could* taste so creamy. The choicest of natural fats . . . sunshine in vitamin form . . . and milk . . . blended smoothly into fresh, golden goodness — that's Stork Margarine. For your family, nothing else is good enough.

So spread their bread with Stork — the way they like it — nice and thick! But keep *some* back to give a creamier flavour to your extra-special cooking. Either way, Stork Margarine is part of good living.

One exciting taste and you'll say:—

"FANCY CALLING STORK MARGARINE!"

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FREE SPEECH

Has the fun gone from sport?

WHEN I was a medical student I often competed in university athletics matches. We trained hard, but our times were never comparable with those set up today.

Though I admire men like Bannister, Chataway and Pirie, I feel that the public is being misled into regarding them as supermen, physically superior to our athletes of the past. I wonder if it is the scientists, trainers and technicians who deserve most credit.

In my day we ran for fun. Today, the athlete consults the scientist, who can tell him, as a result of modern research, the conditions in which he is most likely to run his best. Thus, when Landy failed to run a four-minute mile in Australia, he went to Finland, where the air at this time of the year is less humid, more invigorating and not so fatiguing. Does this make Landy's effort more praiseworthy than some of his performances at home?

Too much attention is paid today to records, tracks and barometric pressure, and much of the fun has gone from sport. In any case, records mean little unless they are achieved in identical conditions.—M. C., Kent.

Starling's Blackbird

WE were surprised a few weeks ago to find a blackbird flying in and out of our bathroom window. Later, we discovered the reason—the bird was building a nest on the curtain pelmet. She laid four eggs, all of which were hatched, and the only help she needed was in teaching the youngsters to fly. Several times they had to be rescued

from the bath and carried into the garden. At the moment there are five more eggs in the same nest, and a second family is expected soon.—MRS. D. H. STARLING, Mayfield Avenue, Clarkston, Glasgow.

Canteen Captain

WHEN I was serving in the Royal Navy, I had an amusing experience while on guard duty ("Free Speech," June 19). I was posted outside the main gate of Devonport Barracks, and was warned that many officers lived "ashore" at night and would be returning in civilian clothes. I was told to pay full respects to them, a butt salute for the lower ranks and a present arms for a lieutenant commander and ranks above. I was puzzled how I should know the difference if all were in mufti, but was told that the well-dressed ones would be the top-rankers. Shortly afterwards, I gave a present arms to a very smartly dressed man, whom I took for at least a captain. He was the canteen manager.—G. H. JONES, Holly Street, Blackburn, Lancashire.

. . . I was on duty at a seaplane base on the south coast. A lieutenant commander approached, and I gave him a present arms salute, which his rank merited. He acknowledged the salute, and said: "I say, would you mind awfully doing that again?" He walked back, and we exchanged salutes for a second time. I learned later that he had just been promoted.—P. J. EDWARDS, Russell Street, Exeter.

Taking The Biscuit

ONE morning recently I found that my shoes had been filled with dog biscuits. Naturally, I suspected the dog. Later, I found the real culprit—a stump-tailed fieldmouse, which had carried each biscuit seventeen feet across the room to my shoes.—V. O., Harpenden, Hertfordshire.

Counter Claim

I OFTEN think that civil servants, especially the clerical grades who come into daily contact with the public, do a thankless job for little salary. It is not often they get a chance to answer back, but one man I heard in a government department recently gave rather better than he got. A caller began to lose his temper, and remarked: "It's people like me who pay your wages." The clerk leaned over the counter, and said: "You're just the man I've been wanting to see. When are you going to give me a rise?"—F. B., Manchester.

Silent Witness

AS a motorist and keen photographer, I would like to suggest that all drivers should carry a camera. I have found this practice extremely useful, particularly when involved in an accident, however slight. It has also benefited other drivers in accidents which I have seen while driving.—H. ANDERTON, Chesholm Road, Stoke Newington, London.

Native Dress

THIS term the fifth-formers at our school were allowed to wear boaters. A group of us were walking through Canterbury when some American airmen saw us, and stopped to take a photograph. One of them said: "Aw, this is great. The folks back home'll never believe this."—DAVID GRIMES, Kent College, Canterbury, Kent.

A Man's Place . . .

IT is often said that men make better cooks than women, and until recently I was inclined to dispute it. However, I have heard that in Upper

Nancy and the laws of love

What is a girl to do when the man she loves turns bandit? That is the question facing Nancy Farendine in next week's sparkling story . . .

by JON CLEARY

Burma there is a tribe whose men would prove a match for the best French chef. In this tribe, the women are the agricultural workers, leaving their menfolk at home to do the housework and cooking. The social status is completely reversed, and each village is governed by a head-woman.—J. R. TANNER, Christ's Hospital, Horsham, Sussex.

Temptation's End

ON holiday in Clovelly, North Devon, I made the knee-weakening descent of the cobbled High Street. My guide book described it as "too steep for

motor vehicles." I was surprised, therefore, to see the road sign shown in my photograph; it is at the bottom of the hill and faces the harbour. I wonder if there is any logical reason for it.—E. ADDICOTT, Bevan Close, West Earlham, Norwich.

During the 1920s many attempts were made to drive up the cobbled steps—for publicity, wagers or

bravado. This photograph, which is a reproduction of one hanging in the Red Lion Hotel, Clovelly, shows one attempt. Like all others, it was unsuccessful. Later, the road sign banning motor vehicles was erected.

Shock Treatment?

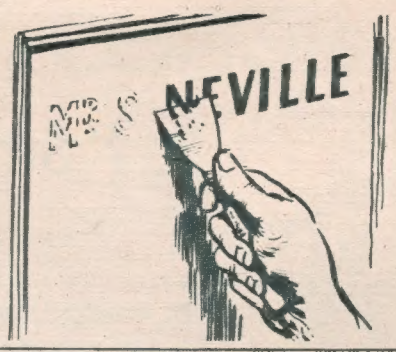
LAST winter I planted some runner beans in a flower pot, and it was very refreshing to see their green leaves throughout the long cold spell. The plants remained rather dwarfed, except one which found its way to a wire attached to the wireless aerial. It then sprouted quite fast, apparently stimulated by the slight current, and several flowers appeared.—MRS. E. HARRIS, Linton Avenue, Boreham Wood, Hertfordshire.

Chez Nous

A READER'S account of answering two advertisements and finding that they related to the same article reminds me of the time we read a glowing description of a house for sale. So impressed were we that we applied to the house agent for particulars. We were surprised to find that the address of this superb residence was that of our next-door neighbour. The house was, in fact, a replica of our own, which we consider a very modest domain.—MRS. D. S., Middlesbrough, Yorkshire.

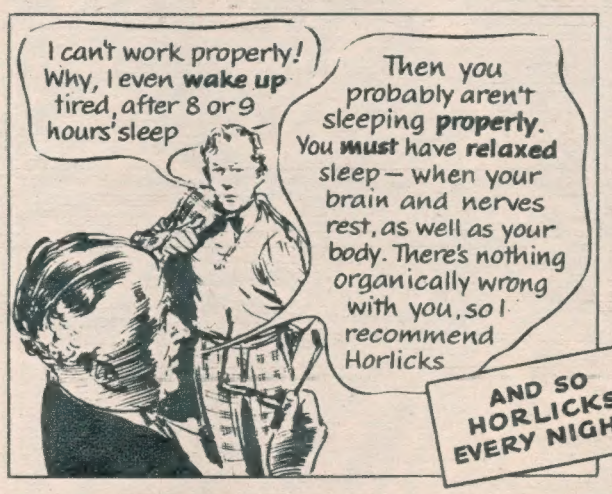
John Bull pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech," and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the John Bull Free Advice Service

"Mr. Neville has left us!"

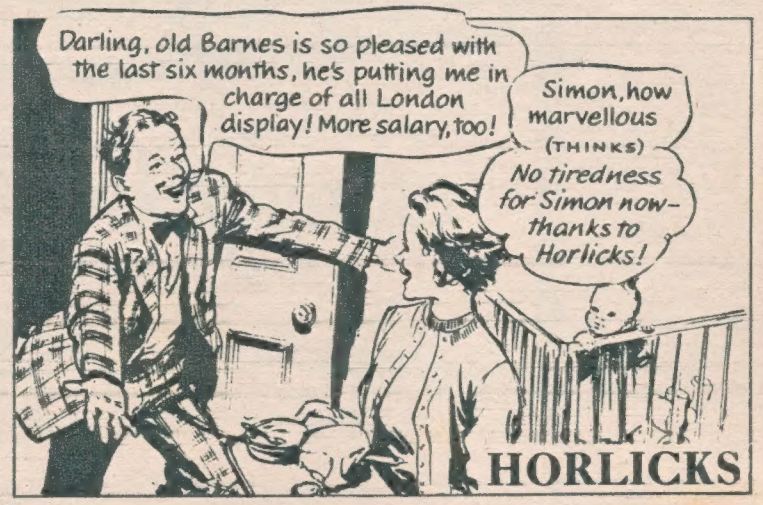


NEXT WEEK
I'm Mrs. Simon Neville – is my husband – ?
BAXTERS LTD ~ Display ~ Contractors
But Mr. Neville was – Mr. Neville has left us. A week ago!

I didn't want to worry you – now. Baxter's were disappointed in my work... had to cut down staff. I've been going out looking for work every day
Darling, you've been complaining about feeling so tired the whole time. I'm sure you ought to see the doctor

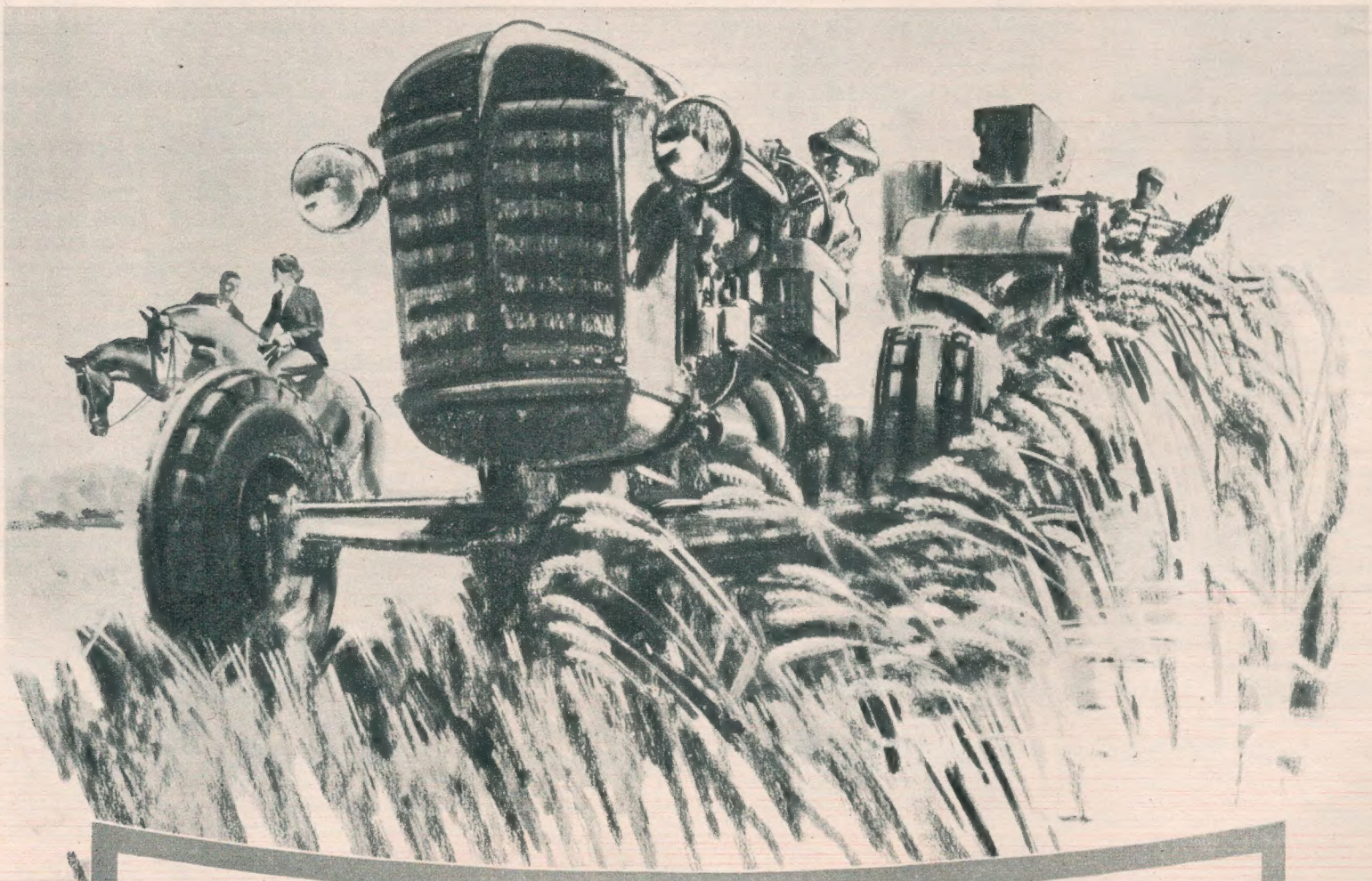

I can't work properly! Why, I even wake up tired, after 8 or 9 hours' sleep
Then you probably aren't sleeping properly. You must have relaxed sleep – when your brain and nerves rest, as well as your body. There's nothing organically wrong with you, so I recommend Horlicks
AND SO HORLICKS EVERY NIGHT

SIMON FINDS A TEMPORARY JOB... AND SOME TIME LATER...
I'm not surprised the stand's empty! If I were Barnes, I'd –
And what would you do, young man? I am Keith Barnes
DISPLAY BY Keith Barnes


Darling, old Barnes is so pleased with the last six months, he's putting me in charge of all London display! More salary, too!
Simon, how marvellous (THINKS) No tiredness for Simon now – thanks to Horlicks!
HORLICKS

"Strange they still call it horsepower . . ."

The ceaseless rhythm of the land, accompanied for centuries by little save the trudge of laden horses and the lazy swish of scythe and sickle, has taken on a beat of urgency. The country air is filled with machine-made sounds — the throb of engines, the turn of wheels, the mechanical clatter of new and more efficient implements. Britain has had to become the most highly-mechanised farming country in the world — for we have few fields and many, many people. "Plough for Plenty" . . . "Plough More — Feed More" . . . the "60% plus Food Drive" . . . these Government slogans tell their own story. And today, with modern methods — the tractors, the cultivators, the harvesters, the balers — Britain's farmland is yielding more than ever. In this present-day farming scene, Dunlop is a central figure. Twenty-one years ago, the Company gave Europe its first pneumatic tractor tyres, and since then Dunlop responsibilities to Agriculture have grown immeasurably. Tyres — not only for tractors but for barrows and carts and implements of every kind — smooth and speed the way at every turn. Rubber boots, weatherproof garments, conveyor and transmission belting and hose are there to serve those who practise farming's age-old skills.



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"Hello, types!" It was Alba, fresh as a daffodil and very sure of herself. I moved forward to greet her. Shanfara, at my side, stood and glowered

Tower of Apricots

by ***JOHN KRUSE***

Here in the town I was unsafe: I had to get out. The tower offered a haven. They would not be able to kill me there . . .

"IF I WERE YOU," the consul said, "I'd leave at once. Get out of Beirut, out of the Lebanon—right out. Don't come back till this business has blown over."

"Is that an order?" I asked.

The consul looked out of the window of the Diplomatic Corps limousine. The sucking sound of its tyres on the hot road leapt back at us from the closed shops. A thick, white heat was everywhere, clogging the air, soaking up the honking, clanging, yelling clamour of Beirut like a sponge.

"No-o," he said carefully. "My advice. They may try to kill you."

So everyone kept telling me, I thought irritably. Just because, five weeks before, I had seen a Frenchman murdered in the suk, the bazaar. Well, not exactly murdered—abducted: he was murdered later. I was chatting to the traders through an interpreter, gathering information for my book, when I happened to see this Frenchman struck down from behind by a giant of a Syrian meat porter. Before I could get to him, the Syrian had dragged him into a cab and driven off.

I had reported it to the Lebanese Gendarmerie. Later, at an identification parade, I managed to pick out the porter; it wasn't hard—he stood six foot four. They had arrested him. The problem then had been to find the Frenchman. For two days the Syrian looked like getting away with it under habeas corpus. Then the Frenchman turned up—floating in the sea under the cliffs, around the point from the Bains Militaires.

He had died by drowning. What with that and the time-lapse, I didn't think they could make the prosecution stick. But there was a lot of undercurrent at the trial. Political issues. The meat porter was a Communist. It was an anti-European killing. There had been two others before I arrived and the government was determined to stamp it out. So, this afternoon, after the High Court had heard my evidence, it had pronounced a verdict of guilty. The Syrian had been sentenced to death.

Now the consul was giving me a lift back from the court. It was five o'clock in the afternoon.

"If they were going to kill me," I said, "they'd have done it already—before I could testify."

"You had police protection," he reminded me. "It's too late now to silence you as a witness, I agree, but it's not too late to

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM SHOWELL

make an example of you. Your death would serve as an object lesson—to anyone who might think of testifying against them in future. Some fanatic would do it probably, some peasant who would martyr himself convincingly if caught, shouting from the dock that he was a simple, downtrodden man driven to hunger and desperation by Anglo-American Imperialism. You know the sort of thing. Then? Protest marches. Riots. Baghdad all over again. Now do you understand?"

I was silent. Presently I spoke.

"You put me in a very awkward position. I'm not just writing a whodunit, you know. I'm trying to piece together a political, economic and social survey of the Middle East today, and all this is extremely relevant copy. I can't just scrap the idea. There's a publishing date, everything."

"I see."

There was an awkward silence. We were pulling up the main thoroughfare towards Bab-Idriss. "We're nearly there," I said. "I'd better know how I stand. Have I your permission to stay?"

The consul looked away from me out of the window.

"Have you ever heard of Ahmed Qassim?"

I said: "No."

"He's a potter. Little job, big man. He's a Communist organizer—the only one we know about. If you have to go searching for copy, take my advice: steer clear of him. And if you go out at night, don't go alone."

The car stopped. I collected my briefcase and got out. The consul leaned forward and held out his hand.

"Good luck, anyway," he said. He didn't smile.

I watched him drive away—a large, serious man in a large, serious car. Then I crossed the sidewalk into the Pâtisserie Suisse.

They were baking pastry, and the hot, crispy smell of it and the aroma of toasting coffee beans filled the air. It was the rendezvous of Beirut's modern set. The place was packed with students from the universities, very gay and European-looking.

Shanfara, the Arab poet, was there, lounging on one leg of his chair, talking to someone at another table. When he saw me he stood up with sinewy resilience which was like a jack-knife opening up.

"Robert. So they have released you!" When he made a joke, he stared with his agonized black eyes and did not smile. With his beard, his gouged cheeks and those eyes, he looked like some anguished Byzantine Christ. He was a Muslim; wrote in Arabic. I had only read him in the French, but even in translation he was very powerful, if a trifle sensual.

"Seen Alba?" I asked.

"She's running round with your French friend. How did it go?"

"The trial? They convicted him."

The Arab stared at me. "*Sadek! Allah!* 'Nor heaven nor earth wept for them, nor was their sentence respited.'"

I guessed he was quoting from the Koran. He was looking particularly wild today, I thought. Although he dressed in the Western style, he was all Arab—fatalistic, fiery, hospitable. He had three wives; lived with them in a broken-down ruin on top of the Lebanon mountains, behind and above Beirut. When he wasn't writing he took a bus into town to do the round of the *qahuas,* the coffee-houses. He had plagued me to come up and stay with him, but so far I'd been too busy.

"Hallo, types!"

It was Alba. She breezed in, fresh as a daffodil, followed by René. "See, Robert? I'm on time. You're the only one I'm ever on time for."

The young Frenchman grimaced. "I had to drag her away by the hair. Don't ever let her get bargaining, Robert."

"Now, René. That's not gallant." She shook her head and swept her hand back past her hair without touching it and smiled. She looked radiant, very emancipated and sure of herself. She was Armenian.

"We brought back the car."

I found a chair for her and she sat down.

"Are you with this terrible man again?" she said.

"You should find yourself a woman with some respect," Shanfara said, ignoring her. He didn't approve of Alba. He would have had her veiled.

"The trial, Robert. What happened?" she said.

I pointed my thumbs down significantly.

"Two thousand francs you owe me, René!" she cried.

SHANFARA snorted, and registered his disapproval by getting up and going to the counter to order. René was looking serious. "You know what that means, don't you?"

"If you're going to tell me somebody's life is in danger, forget it," I said.

No one said anything. I felt restless, on edge. Then I had an inspiration. "Come on," I said. "Snap out of your gloom! Let's all go out on a party!"

"A binge! Darling, how wonderful! I'll have to borrow your car again to change."

"This is a no-change party," I said, warming to the idea. "It's very special. Only girls wearing yellow frocks and yellow net gloves, and men who are staring at me dubiously, and men who write modern poetry in the archaic iambic *rajaz* metre are invited——"

"What's that?" Shanfara cried, arriving back with the coffee.

"And it begins in ten minutes in the bar of my hotel."

"How wickedly early!" Alba cried. "No invitation cards?"

"Of course," I said, tearing up the *tarif.* "One for you, my pet. René, will you come?" He looked uneasy. "Come along. We only die once!" He looked at me sharply and took it. "And you, Shanfara?"

"I have work to do. Wallow without me, if you must!"

"Mine says: *'Petites bouchées de dames au chocolat,'* darling."

"Well, what could be more of an invitation than that?" I asked.

Alba giggled. Shanfara inquired where we were going to afterwards.

"Where would you suggest?" René asked him quietly.

Their eyes bored into each other's for an instant. Here we go, I thought. Quotations from the Prophet on the evils of drink. Shanfara assumed a fair likeness to El Greco's "Agony in the Garden."

"For sheer depravity," he said, "I recommend El-Casino!" Everybody laughed.

A few moments later we emerged into Bab-Idriss Street. I opened the door of my old hired Renault.

"I'll see you at the hotel," René said. "I've just got to phone."

WE arrived at El-Casino slightly drunk. The place was as bare as a baptistry and lit by low-watt naked lights—no doubt in kindness to the hostess girls, who killed time together in the corner. Only about a half a dozen of the tables were occupied. A single couple were fooling about on the dance floor to a piano interlude which sounded like someone dropping nails into a bucket. The rest of the band smoked cigarettes behind their instruments.

We sat down at a table next to the floor and ordered champagne.

"This is the hell of a place," Alba said.

I said: "I ought to ring Shanfara's neck."

The champagne arrived. We drank it.

"Yahoo!" René shouted.

We looked at him in surprise.

"Poor fellow," Alba said. "Tight as an owl."

I ordered more champagne. One of the girls came over. She was Chinese and wore a satin frock.

"Hallo, darling," René said. The girl smiled. She had bad teeth. "Do you mind if she joins us?" he asked Alba.

"Don't mind us."

The girl sat down. She was quite young. Her pupils were like sultanas and she had put grease on her eyelids.

"*Le Cocktail, Charles,*" she said to the waiter, who appeared magically at her elbow. Then she looked at Alba. "What pretty gloves you have!"

"Why, thank you," Alba said.

I hurriedly asked Alba to dance. When we were on the floor I asked what the hell was the matter with René.

"I expect he's lonely."

"No. The way he's behaving——" I didn't know how to describe it.

"You're imagining things, darling."

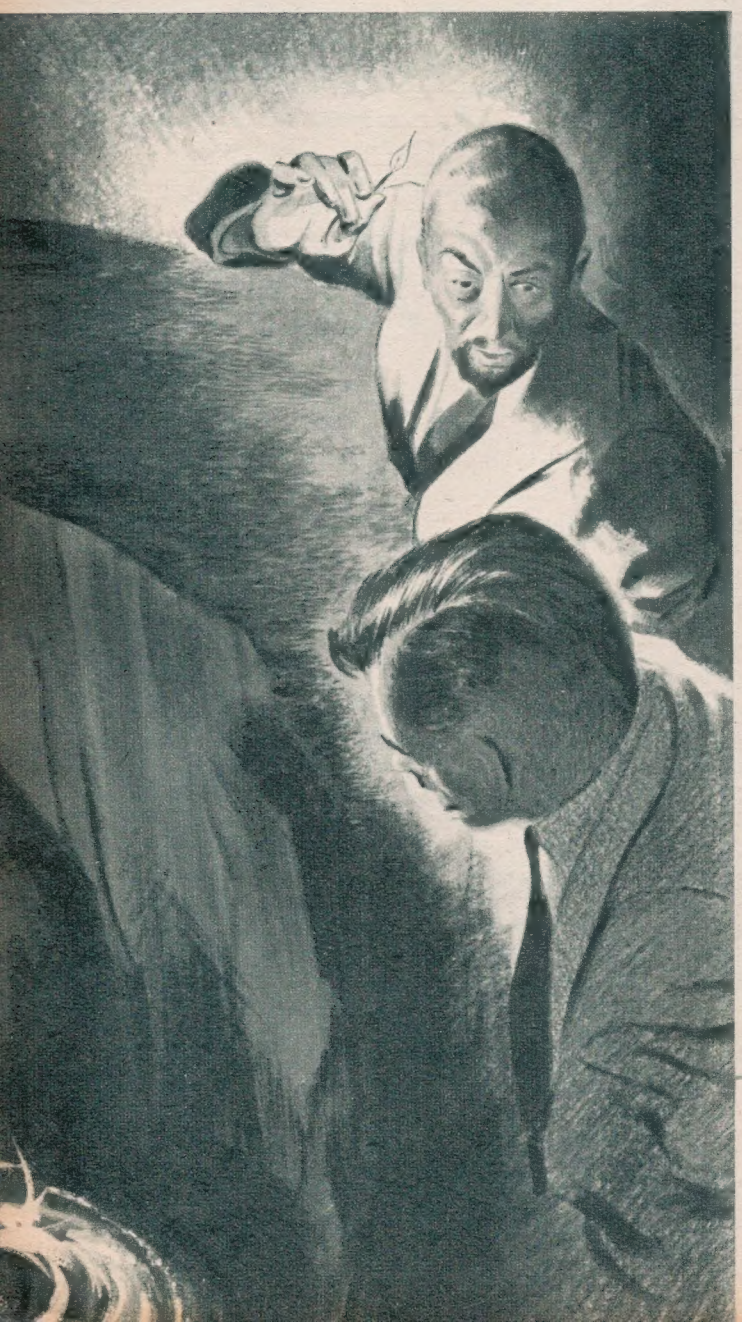
"I don't know. . . ."

Alba laughed. It was a light sound. She was always happy. She had that special insulation from care that a landowning father could provide. She lived with him in a big villa at Aley on the Mountain, and rode a lot and played tennis and swam.

"I just kissed you," she said. "Did you feel it?"

"Yes," I said. I was thinking about the consul. "My hair curled."

It was just one of those evenings that went



Shanfara held up the match. I moved cautiously to the edge. The noise of the water below was deafening, terrifying. Now, I knew everything

For a few precious moments we both stood there gaping, while René was being dragged into the taxi. Then, recovering my wits, I ran forward

wrong. Not even the cabaret cheered us. *"Et voici, Mademoiselle Fifi dans une Danse Exotique!"* It was the fattest hostess got up in skin-tight velvet; nothing you wouldn't want your children to see. She pranced around. René applauded extravagantly. Somehow, he had got himself thoroughly drunk.

"Let's get out of here," I said. "I feel I'm going to be ill any moment."

René looked at me owlishly. *"Allons!"* he shouted, leaping up. While I paid the bill, he picked up my hat and put it on. He stuck out his lower lip like Chevalier and sang: "Every little breeze. . . ."

He preceded us to the door, still singing; mounted the steps into the street.

"I'm terribly sorry, darling," I said to Alba. "Shall I take you home?"

"It isn't your fault, Robert. No, not home. Drive me somewhere."

As we climbed the steps, I heard a scuffling outside in the street. We reached the pavement just in time to see a pair of heels—René's—being dragged into a taxi. There was a Syrian inside with him and another who slammed the door and jumped in next to the driver.

ABOUT a year late I dashed across the pavement. The cab started away. I clawed at it, but it pulled out from the kerb and accelerated off up the street.

"Quick!" I cried to Alba. "Get to the hotel and phone the police!"

I ran back to the Renault and started it up. A car across the road was trying to get started, too. I heard its starter sobbing, but the engine wouldn't catch. The taxi was out of sight by the time I got going. I headed after it, glancing in the mirror to see if the other car was moving, but it was still along the kerb.

The cab had disappeared in the direction of Bab-Idriss. I went round and up Bab-Idriss, swerving about on the tram lines, pulled up at the crossing and looked both ways.

Down towards the square I caught sight of a vanishing tail light. I gave the old car the gun down the slope and rattled down into the square. Crowds were pouring out of the cinema on the corner, blocking the road. I jammed on the brakes. The car ahead of me was practically through them. It was the taxi all right.

HOOTING, I nosed into the crowd, but they wouldn't give way. They shook their fists at me and beat on the windows, resentful of my impatience. The other car got clear and accelerated away. I switched on the headlamps and tried to get their number, but the plate had a piece of cloth tied round it. It looked like a Peugeot. Back window cracked, I noted. There was a dent in the nearside wing.

When I got past the crowd, the taxi was out of sight. Cursing, I drove up as far as the racecourse. There was no sign of it.

The police, I thought. They were my only hope. I drove back to the cinema. The manager was just locking up. I told him it was urgent and he let me use his phone. I rang the gendarmerie, told them where I was and asked them to send out a car at once. Apparently Alba hadn't been on to them yet.

I lighted a cigarette and stood on the corner and waited for them. Ten minutes passed. I tried not to think of what might be happening to René, watched the vendors selling *kebab* under the palm trees. Arab music shrilled from the open doorways all round.

A taxi turned into the square; parked in the taxi rank. It was a Peugeot. I stared. Even from where I stood I could see the crack in the rear window, the dent. The driver was alone. He got out and walked across into a coffee-house.

I fought back the impulse to run across and grab hold of the man. The police were on their way. All I had to do was make sure he didn't get away.

The police arrived in two cars. I explained to them quickly what had happened; pointed out the taxi.

Within five minutes they had fetched out the driver, handcuffed him, and I was following them back to the gendarmerie in the Renault, one of the gendarmes bringing up the rear with the taxi.

Inside the gendarmerie it was very modern and empty, with white-washed walls, very kicked-about near the floor. An officer and a sous-officier were waiting for us. The officer was small and dapper. His moustache, his voice, everything about him was clipped, except his fingernails.

I told him that a man's life was in great danger and that if we were to save it we had to act fast.

He flicked his eyes from me to the taxi-driver; asked to see my passport. Fuming, I handed it to him. He compared my face with the photograph, grunted, flipped it on to the desk for the sous-officier to sneer at.

"Eh bien," he said. "What's the charge?"

I EXPLAINED again what had happened. I told him that the taxi-driver knew where René was and that somehow we had to force it out of him.

The charge then was abduction?

"To hell with the charge!" I snapped.

The officer clapped his hands together behind him, turned his back on me and paced away. He began barking orders in Arabic, apparently to his boots. The gendarmes hurried outside, presumably to examine the inside of the taxi. The sous-officier began taking down the particulars of the taxi-driver. The officer looked at me, not liking me.

What was the Frenchman's name again? he asked. I told him. Did I know his address, his telephone number?

What the hell did his telephone number matter? I snapped, exasperated. A man's life——

"This is a very serious accusation you make, m'sieu. It will have to be substantiated."

For the love of heaven! I thought. I had it somewhere. I fumbled for it, cursing; found it and gave it to the officer. He sat down at the

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In the wine cellars of a Moscow store, King discusses a possible deal. He phones London daily, reporting on business and asking for technical advice

Mr. King means business behind the Iron Curtain

by WILFRED GREATOREX

A quickfire mind and a flair for a deal take him east in search of anything from chemicals to goatskins. There's only one topic he won't discuss—politics

FROM HIS SEAT in a train halted near the frontier checkpoint between East Germany and Czechoslovakia, an Englishman named Wilfred King saw a green-uniformed policeman climb aboard and begin to examine passengers' travel permits. The Communists had given him authority to go by air from East Berlin to Prague on business, but all aircraft had been grounded by fog. Deciding that the red-tape involved in getting a special visa would take too long, he had set out by rail.

King, who had entered Communist territory on a one-way visa, fumbled in his inside pocket as the policeman approached. Then he pulled out a bundle of irrelevant documents in the hope that they would look impressive enough. But the policeman was not deceived. He put King and his baggage off the train and escorted him to a waiting-room. King asked to see an interpreter. He was taken to Dresden and interviewed by a Russian official with an English-speaking secretary.

"I realized I'd better be frank," says King. "I said I knew I had done wrong to go by rail, but I had to get to Prague." He then argued that it would have been stupid to sit drinking in Berlin while he could be doing business in Czechoslovakia. The Russian sized him up. Then he took him to a waiting car and put him on a shunting engine to a station where another car was ready to carry him the remaining 120 miles to Prague.

A shrewd, nail-biting free-trader of forty-one, Wilfred King has been piercing the Iron Curtain without much trouble for the past four years. He has personally negotiated East-West trade worth millions of pounds for the four companies of which he is a director and the many more that he represents on an agency basis.

"King," says a business acquaintance, "collects visas as children collect bus tickets." King himself reckons he has already travelled about 500,000 miles, involving two hundred air trips, four hundred entry and exit visas and a cost in fares of £10,000.

Most of King's merchant venturing has been behind the Iron Curtain. When a friend expressed doubts about his safety on such missions, undertaken on one-way visas, King—who wears a signet ring inscribed "Sans Peur"—replied: "I've been in *and* out so often now, it never worries me. I keep my nose clean and mind my own business."

This business is mainly to do with chemicals and pharmaceuticals handled by his firm, Propane, Ltd., but also includes minerals, grain, fertilizers, plastics, electrical gear, machinery, ships, and pigs' intestines. He once made a two-way deal involving exports of herring to East Germany and reciprocal imports of fertilizers.

A few weeks ago, King called by appointment at the twenty-eight storey Ministry of Foreign Trade in Smolenskaya Sennaya, Moscow, and was promptly offered an order for £1 million worth of lawn mowers. "From one trip to another," he says, "you never know what they will want next." Once he flew to China for goatskins, but was offered instead leopard and tiger skins. "I bought them. When I got back I had to find somebody who wanted them."

In taking private enterprise into Communist Russia and China, King claims that he leans

over backwards to avoid political entanglements. "As State officials," he says, "the men I bargain with must very likely be Communists. But they don't expect me to join issue or to sympathize."

In spite of this commercial neutrality, however, King has to contend with political undercurrents and trade embargoes which often hinder his activities.

While the Korea war was still raging, he was given an order in Peking for £2 million worth of penicillin and streptomycin, only to be told by the Board of Trade that they were strategic materials. "A long time later we got an export licence on humanitarian grounds." On another occasion he was asked in Moscow for a fish factory ship, but his application for a British export licence was turned down because in wartime the vessel could be converted into a mother ship for submarines.

He saw a variation of these international manœuvrings when he spotted fleets of British-built forklift trucks standing idle in Chinese paddy-fields. "They had been bought for propaganda purposes in a bid to get Britain to stand apart from America on China."

Rickety Train Ride In China

To avoid diplomatic repercussions, King and nineteen other British businessmen went into China last year by the back door. "We didn't want to draw attention to ourselves, so we travelled via Hongkong." The trip included a seven-day train ride in rickety compartments, with one small handbasin serving an entire coach. In some places bridges were down, and the party forded rivers in boats.

He had been to Peking before—with one companion, in 1952. "We were the first traders to arrive since Mao Tse-tung took over." This, and his other trips to Communist countries, brought King under fire from critics and competitors, who variously accused him of taking part in politically flavoured work and of carpet-bagging. Others, he says, thought he must be making fantastic profits—"but China is no highwayman's market. I went for long-term business."

King takes pride in the postwar development of the China trade. He traces back the recent delegation representing forty-seven leading British firms, who met the Chinese in Berlin, to that two-man visit in 1952. "For three years," he says, "I lived in the shadows. It wasn't the done thing, and people put me on a par with a gold smuggler. Now, the job's become respectable."

Recently King, who has been using up three passports a year on 122 journeys into Russia, China and Red satellite countries, applied for a U.S. visa. He was asked for evidence of his political reliability. "I gave them a full factual account of my trips to every country. There was no political tie-up." He was given an unlimited entry visa, which is sandwiched in his passport between one for Communist Czechoslovakia and another for Soviet Russia.

Trade Worth Many Millions

Today, Britain is exporting mainly vehicles, chemicals, machinery and woollen and worsted yarns to China, and capital goods, generating sets, rubber, machine tools and fish preparations to Russia. China sells dairy produce, grain, resins and bristles to Britain, and Russia sends animal feeding stuffs, timber and skins. Last year, imports from Russia totalled £40,000,000; from China, £10,000,000. Exports were: £3,300,000 to Russia and £6,160,000 to China, with re-exports of £9,000,000 and £104,000.

A squarely built Londoner, King has a reputation among his staff and rivals for taking split-second decisions and instant action. His private secretary, a Scots girl named Ruby Campbell, recalls a weekend last winter when four ships delivering potash to King's clients

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Mrs. King flew with her husband on a recent business trip to Moscow. King has been using three passports a year—filled with visas on 122 journeys to Russia and satellite countries

After each journey, King brings home souvenirs. With his wife and their seventeen-year-old son, Michael, he examines mementoes of Holland, the Lebanon, Czechoslovakia, Russia and China

Nightmare in Copenhagen

by MARTHA ALBRAND

ILLUSTRATED BY ZELINSKI

It was an agonizing choice: to betray his friend, or all he believed in. He had twenty-four hours to decide

ANDERS OERSTED, head of the Solskin Chemical Works near Copenhagen, had disappeared. His friend, Richard Parker, a young British explosives expert, believed that he had been murdered. Following a clue, Richard had gone to the missing man's flat in the Danish capital—and found a man there searching Anders's desk. The man was so absorbed in his search that he didn't hear Richard coming up behind him. . . .

What had brought Richard to Denmark was a cable he had received from Anders: *"In mutual interest, come as soon as possible."* It was a code phrase they had used during the war, when both had been on secret work—and now it sounded like a cry for help.

The first thing Richard learned on landing was that Anders was missing, believed drowned; his boat had been found drifting off the coast. Hiring a car, he drove out to the Oersteds' farm. There, he met Helga, Anders's sister, and Ulla Rasmussen, his private secretary.

Helga had been seventeen when Richard saw her last, four years before, and he had fallen in love with her. She was still dazed at the news about her brother; she had not known he had been working on explosives—nor had Ulla Rasmussen. Perhaps Otto Severin, Anders's German assistant, knew something. . . .

But now Richard had something more urgent on hand. Among Anders's papers at the farm, he had found a receipt for 10,000 kroner—about five hundred pounds—signed "J. Mogens."

Mogens, a giant of a man, was a fisherman. The story he told Richard was that one day he had brought up in his net a metal container—probably from a sunken Nazi submarine—stamped "U-247." He had taken it to Anders, who gave him 10,000 kroner and told him it was lucky the Russians—only a few miles away on the East German coast—had not picked it up. It contained a sample of powerful explosive.

A secret explosive! At last, the whole affair began to make sense. With quickening excitement, Richard returned to Copenhagen, hoping to find scientific notes on the explosive at the missing man's flat. Instead, he found an intruder, searching Anders's desk.

Before the man could turn round, Richard sprang at him.

PART 2

Otto Severin

THE man was so intent on what he was doing that he didn't hear Richard until he felt hands closing around his throat. Then, struggling to move his head, he tried to speak.

"Let go!" he said. "At once, you fool!"

This was not the reaction that Richard had expected. He loosened his grip, and the man spun round and faced him.

"Who are you? What are doing here?"

Richard, keeping the man pinned back in the chair, saw a dark, intelligent face, deep brown eyes with a burning intensity in their glance, a thin-lipped mouth, with teeth so stained and crooked that they betrayed insufficient nourishment and endless smoking.

"That's what I was going to ask you."

"I'm Otto Severin," the man said; his voice sounded bored. "I thought you were the caretaker. Now take your hands off me."

Otto Severin, thought Richard—Anders's German assistant.

He stepped back and Severin leaned forward in his chair across a pile of papers on the desk. He seemed no longer to have any interest in Richard; in fact, he seemed to have forgotten him.

"I could be a burglar," said Richard, "or someone trying to get a look at Oersted's latest notes."

SEVERIN put the papers back into the drawer. "Then, my friend," he said, "you came too late. If you ask me, this flat was searched before news of Oersted's death was made public."

"How do you know?"

Severin shrugged. "I don't," he said. "And I can't prove it. And as far as I can see, nothing has been taken. Even his papers are all there. But I wouldn't be surprised if they had been carefully copied."

Richard sat down in the chair opposite the desk. "You speak pretty freely to a man you don't know," he said. "It makes me——"

"But I know who you are," Severin interrupted him. "You're Richard Parker, from London."

Of course, Anders must have told him. He watched Severin rub mechanically the red marks his thumbs had made when they had closed around the German's windpipe, and started to phrase an apology, when he caught Severin looking at him, hatred in his eyes.

"Your picture is in the paper this morning," Severin said, "with quite a write-up."

Who in the world could have given his picture to the press? And then, as Severin pushed a newspaper across the desk, Richard saw that the photograph of him was one he had never seen. Someone had taken it at the airport, unnoticed by him.

"The Danes are a courteous people," he said, reading rapidly what it said about him, noting with relief that his special field, explosives, was not mentioned. "I don't deserve this honour."

"Apparently you do," said Severin, and it sounded bitter; "otherwise Anders would not

As Richard bent for the key, the doctor asked

urgently, "Who's it from?". Helga's voice was toneless. "The letter's in Anders's writing," she said

have called you in. Oh, I don't mind. I don't mind." He tapped his fingers against each other with a quick, nervous gesture. "Except that I think he might have mentioned it to me himself. I hate to feel like a fool, wake up and see the news of your arrival, without even knowing he thought I wasn't good enough."

Severin's grudge and confusion and disappointment burst forth like elements suddenly released.

"I've got the key to his flat. I go and come here at will. We sat up night after night, not just talking shop, but personally. He made me feel welcome, trusted, as though I were a close friend; then, behind my back——"

Richard interrupted sharply: "I still want to know why you think someone broke into this apartment?"

"Project Eleven, of course," said Severin. "There are other labs besides the Solskin works experimenting to correct the parenteral action and the hypoglycemic effect of insulin. And Oersted was pretty close to the goal of finally being able to do away with insulin injections altogether, and administer it in the form of a pill."

He laughed softly and sneeringly—the laughter of disillusionment. "Don't tell me Denmark is the only country in the world where there are no spies trying to find out what's going on in the other camp. Well, as I said before, Anders was pretty close to a solution. He told me so. He took last week off to work undisturbed. But there are no notes. Not at Solskin, not at the farm, not here. What's here is old stuff to me."

He rose. He was of average height and underweight. Younger than I, thought Richard; about a year or two. Young enough to have been brought up in the Hitler Youth.

"Coming?" asked Severin.

Richard shook his head. "I'd like to look at what you call old stuff. I might not be familiar with it."

Without another word, Severin went out into the hall. Richard waited until he had heard the door close before he sat down on the chair Severin had occupied. For about an hour he went through the whole flat methodically; no longer sustained, however, by the hope that he could find something.

He put his elbows on the table and pressed his face against his fists. A few facts stood out clearly. Severin had searched Anders's desk, assuming, perhaps, as Richard was assuming, that he had a right to do so. He hadn't known anything about Richard's arrival in Denmark until he had read it in the papers. He knew that Anders had been working on the farm, but did he know on what?

Richard pushed back his chair and, as he rose, a small white envelope under the table attracted his attention: "Hr. Dr. Otto Severin, Solskin Chemical Works, Lyngby, Denmark." It must have fallen from Severin's pocket when he had squirmed under Richard's grip. It was empty, but the postmark was German and showed it had been mailed in Ribnitz.

"Ribnitz," Richard read aloud.

He closed his eyes and saw the map he had looked at last night in Anders's bedroom on the farm. Ribnitz lay in the Eastern zone, directly opposite Denmark. Ribnitz, thought Richard again. So Otto Severin, working at the Solskin works, was receiving mail from someone living in the Russian zone.

* * *

After a futile search of Anders's desk and safe at the Solskin works, Richard had to face the fact that Anders had left no trace of the explosive for him to discover. With a feeling of despair he came to the conclusion that Anders must have carried it with him the morning he had drowned. All the way back from Copenhagen he tried to decide what there was left for him to do. He would stay on a couple of days more, a week, perhaps, to search and search

again, and after that he would go back to London, to his work.

Would Helga go with him? Would a few days suffice to awaken her interest in life again, or would the depression over her brother's death be so deep that he would be unable to persuade her? If he did not tell her about his love now, he might never have another chance.

In day-time, and particularly during the summer, the living-room on the Oersted farm was delightful. With the french windows opening out on the flower-filled courtyard, it was more like sitting on a well-sheltered terrace than in a house.

Richard came into the room, expecting to find it empty. To his surprise, he found not only Helga sitting on the couch where, last night, he and Ulla Rasmussen had talked, but another person. A man. A second later, he recognized him from the photograph he had seen the night before. Frederik Gabel, the doctor. He was as slender and frail as he had looked in the photograph ten years ago when he had still been a student. His small narrow face was pale, like that of a man who gets too little fresh air, and his violet-blue eyes looked tired.

Helga did not even bother to introduce him. "Frederik thinks it's absurd to suspect murder," she said instead, the moment she saw Richard. "I've told him—told him everything you said about Mogens and——"

Richard halted. He had not wanted Helga to mention his suspicions to anybody. But how could he resent her frankness with a man who had been one of Oersted's closest friends?

"I wish I could agree with you," he said, shaking Gabel's exquisitely thin, long-fingered hand. "But, unfortunately, I don't. Why are you so sure, Doctor Gabel, that I am wrong?"

Gabel shook his head.

"I don't know," he said. "Richard—I may call you Richard, may I not?—in your field of science, you may deny the existence of coincidence; in mine, I have gradually been taught to accept it.

"Anders," he said, his glance fastening on Richard, "used to say that all discoveries could somehow be traced back to coincidence. I can see that you are, that you must be, greatly disturbed by the fact that on the very day of your arrival Oersted should so unfortunately drown, but you see, Richard, he had been working night and day since Mogens brought him the container."

So he knew about that. Gabel began pacing the room, like a professor delivering a lecture. "You knew Anders," Gabel said. "He would never take the rest he needed. He would go from one problem to the next, night after night, and never allow himself the much-needed sleep which would have restored his nervous energy.

"What I am trying to say," he said, turning round, "is that during the last two years he complained about sudden cramps, particularly in his legs. I warned him. If you keep your body in one position for hours and hours, you must expect to get cramps occasionally. Yes, I believe it was the cramp that led to his death."

"Anders," Richard said, "was working on something which I would call top secret."

"An explosive," Frederik Gabel said. "Let's call it by its name—a new and powerful explosive."

What a fool I am, thought Richard, to have wondered if Anders trusted him enough to reveal the contents of the container. Of course, Gabel was his friend.

"Yes, an explosive," he said. "Probably something the Russians, for instance, would very much like to have. What you say does not in the least diminish the possibility that someone tried to steal the container and, when Anders resisted, killed him."

Frederik Gabel looked at him then, long and pensively, then he shrugged. "I have no doubt," he said, "that one day Anders's body will be found and a post-mortem will prove he died of drowning."

"But the container," said Richard. "Why is there no trace of the container?"

"I don't know," said Gabel. "It must be somewhere. He expected to work on it with you."

To work on it with you. Ulla Rasmussen had not known that Anders had asked him to come. But the doctor had known.

"Let's wait till Iver gets back," said Gabel. "Iver, as his lawyer, may know what you——"

He stopped, straightened a little, as though he had heard a sound which had escaped the others. He turned towards the door. A moment later, there was a knock and old Niels came into the room, carrying a small silver tray.

"For Miss Helga," he said, passing the doctor and walking up to the couch where Helga sat motionless. "The postman just brought this, special delivery."

As though it were a magnet of irresistible power, the letter drew the doctor as well as Richard from their separate places, to Helga. Helga herself, having signed the slip and given it back to Niels, sat staring at the envelope in front of her without reaching for it. The address was typewritten and the envelope carried Swedish stamps.

"It's from Sweden," said Gabel, and he picked up the letter, glancing closely at it before he handed it to Helga.

Helga rose from the couch, holding the envelope; her hand was trembling. Suddenly, with one quick gesture, she ripped it open. A key clattered to the floor, a small key.

Richard was the first to bend to retrieve it, the doctor the first to speak.

"What does the letter say?" he asked. "Where does the key belong? Who's it from?"

There were two sheets of paper. One looked like the drawing of a map, the other was a note containing only a few lines.

"The letter's in Anders's writing." Helga's voice had lost all colour. "Anders's writing," she whispered again. "'July twenty-third,'" she read, and looked up at the two men. "He was alive then. He was still alive then."

Her eyes filled with tears. Richard saw Gabel lean forward and put his arm around Helga's shoulder. So Mogens, the fisherman, had been right. Anders had not been on his way to Copenhagen when he was killed; he had been coming back from Sweden. That was why the boat was found there. But what had Oersted been doing in Sweden?

Then Helga's voice cut into his thoughts. "I'm all right now, Frederik. Yes. I can read it myself. 'Dear Helga,'" she read. "'Give this key and the map to Richard as soon as you see him.'" She looked up at Richard, quite automatically handing him the second piece of paper. "It's for you, Richard," she said, and turned the note round. "That's all there is." She looked helplessly from Richard to Gabel. "This means then—this can only mean——"

"It means undoubtedly that the key belongs to the place where Anders kept the container," said the doctor. His voice sounded high with surprise.

"That's not what I'm talking about," Helga answered sharply. "If Anders felt the need to hide the explosive in Sweden—if he wrote this letter on Thursday, then Richard is right. Then Anders must have suspected somebody, some danger. Why, otherwise——"

"Helga, my dear, calm yourself. Don't get excited all over again. Don't jump to conclusions like our English friend here."

Richard heard their voices as in a dream, staring at the key and the map in his hand. Somehow he had been convinced that the German invention and whatever work Oersted had done on it had vanished with his dead friend. Even when Gabel had mentioned the possibility that Iver Larsen might know something, he had not really believed it, but now, in his hand, there it was: the place—the house and the key to it—where he would find everything.

Richard got the car started and pulled away

It was a simple little map, but it was drawn with great precision: three miles from the farm to Helsingor, six more from Helsingor to Halsingborg, in Sweden, across the sound. From the ferry station in Halsingborg, nine miles to a place called Viken; after that, one mile north, there came a right turn and one more mile to a house named Frigga.

He grew aware of the depth of his absorption only when he felt Gabel's hand on his arm. "It does seem queer, Richard, doesn't it? This business of the letter written, apparently, just a little while before he drowned. I wonder if you or I, or better still, the two of us, should not call the police?"

RICHARD looked up from the map at which the doctor was staring. He did not want the police called in before he had got hold of what Anders had left behind.

"Let's wait and see what we find in Sweden," he said, "before we get in touch with the authorities."

The deep sounds of a horn cut into the silence. The next moment there was a banging of doors hastily opened, carelessly slammed shut, the echo of rapidly approaching steps. A man came running through the courtyard, a tall young man, dark of skin and hair, calling Helga's name as he ran, his voice deep and clear, like the sound of a bell.

"The Pied Piper"—that's how Anders had

sharply. As he swung down the drive, he could see Iver Larsen rushing after him, and he heard Helga's anguished cry: "Stop him, Iver! Stop him!"

described him. "He only had to speak to people and they joined the Resistance. I'm proud of his friendship—Iver Larsen."

Almost at once, Richard could see the effect the lawyer had on people. The doctor turned away from him, straightening up as though all problems had suddenly been solved, and Helga's face, as she rose, showed for the first time some semblance of the lovely serenity which had always made it so appealing to Richard. He noticed, with sudden jealousy, how deep were her trust and confidence in this friend.

For a second, Larsen remained standing on the threshold, motionless, his breathing the only sound in the abruptly quiet room, then he stretched out both hands to Helga.

"He is alive!" he said. "Anders is alive!" And now his voice was indeed like a bell, a bell ringing out happiness.

Helga did not take his hands. Half-way across the room she stopped, stared, then turned round and went over to the window, where she stood, her face pressed against the small squares of the pane, gazing out at the fields.

An immense joy surged through Richard. What a fool he had been to think of murder! Undoubtedly Anders, swimming from his boat, had had cramp and, unable to get back to his boat, had been picked up by some other craft. He began to laugh at himself, and his laughter started off the others.

"Didn't I tell you," the doctor said, "that you're crazy?"

"I was right," cried Helga, "last night when I told you!" She left her place at the window and came running over to where Richard stood and threw her arms around him. "You beloved idiot," she said under her breath. "I'm convinced you've spent all your days watching gangster films."

There was in her eyes the light he remembered, and he held her tight, his heart beating fast. Then the seriousness of Larsen's face made him let Helga go, and he asked what they had failed to ask in their first excitement: "Where is Anders?"

"Yes, where is he?" asked Frederik Gabel.

HELGA did not ask, but she left Richard to step up to Iver. Larsen put his arm round her. "I don't know," he said. "I'm afraid my news is not all good. I told you first what I thought mattered most. When I got home a little while ago, there was a call. Anders is being held by the Russian secret police, who claim he is the instigator of a theft. The theft of an explosive from a German factory."

"What utter nonsense!" Helga moved away from Iver, her anger for a moment mercifully overshadowing her terror. "Mogens," she said. "Let me call Mogens. He fished the thing out of the sea. He—oh, you don't know, Iver, but this is what——"

Iver raised his hands and Helga was silent. "Darling," he said, "this is a terribly serious situation. Whatever Mogens has found or said, the Russian authorities are holding Anders."

The doctor had grown very pale. "Have you called the Ministry of Foreign Affairs?"

Larsen threw up his hands in a gesture of despair. "Last year a Swedish plane was shot down," he said. "All protests led to nothing." He turned to Richard as if he had interrupted him. "Let me finish. Maybe we have a chance. Because this is what the intermediary said: 'No case will be brought against Anders if the explosive is returned within twenty-four hours. Otherwise he will have to stand trial.'"

Beads of perspiration were forming on his round, high forehead. It was obvious that he spoke so slowly, so clearly, only with great effort. The hand with which he was trying to light a cigarette was shaking.

Richard looked away from Larsen's hand at his own. It was shaking as badly. He had not been a fool. His suspicions had not reached out too far. The situation was almost as bad as he had feared.

"I don't know what to do," said Larsen, and he began to pace the room.

"As I said before, protests have never brought results. Yes, I do know about Mogens." He turned to Helga. "Anders told me about his fantastic haul, and I know that when Anders found he could not analyse it, he cabled Richard. But I don't know where he kept the stuff. If we knew, Anders would be with us in twenty-four hours."

"We've been trying to find it all day long," said Helga. "Richard and I started to search for it last night. It's nowhere to be found. You see, Richard suspected right away. . . ."

Larsen looked at Richard then; a question seemed to form on his lips. Richard nodded in

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The smallest mishap can be fatal when Buckley crosses Lake Windermere in Jaguarete at a hundred miles an hour. "It feels like riding over potholes at

Norman Buckley races with disaster—and wins

by JACK ATACK

He's a poker-faced solicitor who uses professional shrewdness in a dangerous sport—for speed and nerve are not enough

BEFORE A MEETING on Lake Windermere a few years ago, Norman Buckley, Britain's leading speedboat racer, learned that his chief competitor had used special paint on the bottom of his boat to increase its speed. Buckley had no time to paint his own boat, but remembered that yachtsmen used to increase their speed by graphiting their hulls. He bought three tins of blacklead from a local ironmonger, and worked through the night with two colleagues. Next day he shot past his rival and won the race.

Norman Buckley counts such tactical improvisation as his main asset in speedboat racing. "Races are not won by nerve and endurance alone," he says. "Nor are they won by high-powered engines. The most determined racer—with the best engine—has to know the tricks of the sport before he can hope to win consistently."

His hustling resourcefulness has won him more than thirty racing trophies in the last seven years. In 1950, he set up three world water speed records. By covering 48·2754 nautical miles in one hour, he beat the German-held record. In the same year, he averaged 63·53 miles an hour over twenty-four nautical miles, and covered 134·485 nautical miles in three hours, beating two Italian-held world records. In 1951 he won the Gardone Cup at Lake Garda, in Italy, and came second in the Oltranza Grand Prix—the famous Italian "Dice to the Death."

A forty-six year old Manchester solicitor, Buckley looks more like a professor than a speedboat champion. "Speed is the last quality that most people associate with him," says his wife, Betty Buckley. Close friends are not deceived by his poker-faced manner, however. "He takes the cunning of his profession on to the course," says one.

In the race for the Duke of York's trophy, at the international meeting held on Lake Windermere in 1951, Buckley had to compete against a faster boat, Costa Livin, driven by a Canadian, Art Hatch. To the surprise of the crowd, he stayed close behind Hatch nearly all the way. Later he explained: "I was conserving my engine by riding on his wash. It gave me a constant air lift—with the same advantage as riding the slipstream in motor-cycle racing."

Buckley makes quick decisions and frequently uses tactics which seem to indicate that he is throwing a race away. Rounding a corner buoy in the last lap of one recent event, he swung wide of the other boats, instead of cutting into their path. After winning the race, he explained: "If I had turned sharply at the buoy, I would have caught the wash from the other boats on my beam. By taking a wider course, I avoided it and maintained my speed."

Before one race on Windermere, Buckley studied the course carefully, and decided that there was one point where he could gain on the other boats. In the race, he tested his theory, passed his rivals, and won. "To avoid running aground off a small peninsula, the other boats had to swerve round it. Since my boat skimmed the surface I could pass within a few feet—without going off course and losing speed."

In racing, Buckley has to judge expertly the exact moment to bring his three and a half litre-engined boat across the line as the starting gun fires. For every second that a racer crosses the line early, he is penalized five seconds, yet even a slightly late start can easily mean defeat. Skill is also needed in finishing. "If a racer finishes half a mile before his handicap time," Buckley says, "he may be put back half a mile for the next race. The trick is to finish ahead of the other boats—but not too far ahead."

In starting and finishing, Buckley holds an

speed, on a motor-cycle without springs," he says

Betty Buckley pins lucky white heather on her husband. Friends say he leads a charmed life

acknowledged lead over most of his opponents. According to one rival, his sense of timing is unique. Once, however, it failed him. At the moment he decided to pass a cluster of boats on a corner buoy, he hit their wash, side on, and was almost hurled from his craft. "I saved myself by gripping the steering wheel firmly, but it lost me the race."

Buckley drives two boats, Miss Windermere II, a three-point suspension model which averages up to ninety miles an hour, and Jaguarete, a more recent model, which has topped a hundred miles an hour. Both boats, single-seater inboards in the eight hundred kilogram class, skim the surface on two side sponsons and rear propeller. They are valued at £2,000 each. In his seven years of racing, Buckley has learned that speedboats can be temperamental. "They vary from day to day. I can tell by the sound of the engines how they will perform."

Takes Risks—But Not Chances

Before a race, he studies maps of the course and examines his boat personally. A former motor-cycle and car racer, he claims that he takes more physical punishment in speedboat racing. "It feels like going over a series of pot-holes at high speed without springs." Though he is noted for his nerve, he does not share the philosophy of his late colleague, John Cobb. "Cobb was a fatalist. He reckoned he had a fifty-fifty chance of coming out alive. I put my chances at sixty-forty."

Buckley has come near to disaster on several occasions. While he was driving through a hail-storm over a choppy course in a record attempt several years ago, he felt his feet getting wet. Guessing that his boat had sprung a leak, he switched off the ignition and glided to the refuelling barge that was anchored in the middle of the lake. "In fact, the rough conditions had split the petrol tank, and petrol was swamping the bottom of the boat. One bad sway might have washed it against the hot exhaust pipe, and blown me up."

Another time, he was rounding a buoy when he noticed a speedboat on the inside, heading straight for him. It was within ten feet before he realized that the driver was not turning with the other boats. Frantically, he wheeled to the right and ran parallel, to avoid being hit. "After the race, I hurried up to the driver to give him a piece of my mind. It turned out that his control had broken and he had lost his rudder."

Once, he had to work quickly to prevent Jaguarete from sinking. He was travelling at a hundred miles an hour when a cloud of steam blinded him. Thinking that the water hose connection had broken, and was spraying water on to the exhaust pipe, he pushed his goggles up to have a closer look. Water was streaming through a large hole in the bottom of the boat. At once, he made for the nearest rescue craft, fixed a rope and was towed to shore. "As we were coming in," he recalls, "the boat was sinking. Another two minutes and it would have been at the bottom of the lake."

After the accident, he found marks where the boat had struck a piece of driftwood which had hammered the metal fin through the bottom. "It added to my fear when I discovered that the accident happened at the same spot where Sir Henry Segrave was killed driving Miss England in 1930."

As a precaution against mishaps, Buckley wears a steel-ribbed life jacket with a rolled collar designed to keep him afloat. He also wears a white rubber helmet fitted with goggles, a blue waterproof ski-ing jacket and crêpe-soled shoes. Both his boats are stripped to essentials, and lack reverse gear and clutch. Once, he had to ride in circles, until the fuel in his tank was used up, after the ignition wire broke.

His boats are kept in condition by Arthur Henderson, a thirty-eight year old mechanic from Rochdale. After each race, the boat is slipped on to a bogie and rolled into the boat-house where it is left high and dry, so that the hull will not absorb water. Because skin friction has been cut to a minimum in the design, the boats, burning high-octane fuel, can travel nine miles at top speed on one and a half gallons.

Norman Buckley was born in Manchester, the son of a prominent Manchester lawyer. At sixteen, he bought his first motor-cycle, and the following year he entered a race at Southport Sands.

"At first," said Buckley's wife, "his parents were worried. But later, when it became obvious that Norman led a charmed life, they were less concerned."

With racing in his blood, Buckley started to drive high-powered speedboats as soon as he took up water sport. In seven years, he has taken part in more than two hundred races, and friends believe that he still has a charmed life. Though he risks it weekly during the season, he remains calm when misfortune strikes.

His Boat Shot Into The Air

At a meeting on Windermere in 1949, his boat hit a four-foot-high wash, churned up by a lake steamer, and shot off it into the air. When he landed, the propeller shaft broke and jammed the propeller against the rudder. Helpless, he sat tight while the boat spun round.

"Even then," says his wife, "he remained calm. After the boat was fixed, he was soon out racing again."

In spite of his record breaking, Buckley does not always have his way on the course. Once, in a thick mist, he overshot a buoy and went off course completely. On another occasion, he was racing neck-and-neck within a hundred yards off the finishing line when the cylinder head of his engine blew off; he lost the race by six seconds.

More often, however, Buckley wins with a display of skill and nerve that is well known to his colleagues. At the international races held on Windermere in 1951, he finished behind another boat for each of three heats. All through the heats, he had sat forward in his cockpit, pressing the faster boat in the hope that its engine would blow up. Now his chances seemed ruined. But in the final race of the day, his endurance was rewarded.

"The engine of the faster boat blew up in the first three miles," says a friend, "and Buckley shot ahead." THE END

Thirsty ?

take the necessary

Schweppes

SCHWEPPERVESCENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH

THE EDGE OF THE SWORD (5) by Captain Anthony Farrar-Hockley, D.S.O., M.C.

I am questioned in the torture chamber

His friends were still free—and he knew where they were. "If we do not find them," said the enemy interpreter, "we have many ways of killing you slowly"

TOM AND I soon learned the rules of the North Korean prison to which we had been consigned by our Chinese guards. As we were thrust into a cell with a barred light shining down from the ceiling, twenty-one Korean men and boys sat with their backs to the door in absolute silence.

Not one man looked up as we entered: they seemed to be terrified of attracting the attention of the warders. The three warders had unpleasant cunning faces. I called them Weasel, Ferret and Stoat, hoping that, as is often the case, their expressions hid kind hearts.

They had searched us, removing everything from us, including our shoes. Tom, the one-legged American pilot I had met the day before, even lost his rough crutches.

Stoat spoke to two men who were sitting by—but not leaning on—the wall beneath the window. They scurried forward into two vacant places at the bottom of the cell. We moved into their places, Tom hopping on his one leg, leaning on my shoulder.

The cell door clanged to behind us: the key turned noisily in the lock.

Obeyed Order Like Automatons

At five o'clock in the morning the dense mass of bodies, overlapping one another on the wooden floor, responded like automatons to a single word of command from one of the warders.

As one man, without a second's pause, they rose into a sitting position, their legs crossed, their shoulders drooping in an attitude of contrition, their heads bowed. At dawn, one man was permitted to stand up, in order to remove the cardboard blackout from the tiny window in the top left-hand corner at the far end of the cell.

Two or three hours later, the heads of the prisoners would move—just slightly. In some way unknown to me they knew that food was coming. For perhaps another five or ten minutes my straining ears could catch no sound at all. Surely, I would think, they must be wrong this time. Not even the faintest echo of clattering food tins, or rattling of our crude, metal bowls could I hear.

Yet a few minutes later I would hear the sound of preparation; a few minutes after that the food would come along. As the warder reached our door my cell companions scattered to form a large circle, their backs to the cell walls.

From inside their filthy, ragged clothing they

Captain Farrar-Hockley with his wife in the garden of their Ealing home. As he lay in his Korean cell, tortured and beaten, his rambling mind dreamed of being with his family again

produced chop-sticks—two little pieces of unsmoothed wood per man—and their own preparations for the meal were complete. Bowls of millet, kaoliang or maize—mostly the latter—were passed into the cell: half a bowl per man.

Occasionally there would be a little thin bean soup, and in anticipation of this delicacy the saliva almost ran from their eager mouths. Tom and I were lucky. The only concession made to us as prisoners-of-war was that our bowls were half filled with cold rice (left over from the police dining hall) and, sometimes, a little fish. When we could do so secretly, we shared our fish with those who sat near us; for they looked at it with such longing eyes, poor wretches.

When we had finished our meal the bowls were passed back through the serving window in the cell door, places were instantly resumed and the pattern of motionless bodies was re-established.

Packed Side By Side On Floor

Day and night, the electric light shone down on us from the ceiling. At dusk the cardboard blackout was replaced. The evening meal was brought along at five, the prisoners long since aware of its proximity, and at ten o'clock the second command of the day was shouted.

Before the echo had died in the passage, the cell floor was covered with recumbent bodies, so closely packed that, even when I was lying on my side, my legs overlapped another prisoner. In this press, Tom and I, almost lice-free on entry, speedily found ourselves crawling again, our clothes and hair providing fresh nests for the quickly multiplying creatures.

Now and again, as the days passed, we were allowed to wash. That is to say, every third or fourth day the door was opened about an hour before our first meal and six men or women were allowed out from each cell in pairs to wash their hands and faces. Twice I was permitted to carry Tom pick-a-back down the passage, to the little room at the end where our feeding bowls were kept and where there was a single tap from which ice-cold water constantly flowed.

On those days when Tom and I were not lucky enough to wash we were able to exchange a few words with our cell companions; for Stoat, Weasel and Ferret were always busy on such occasions and could not watch all the cells. Besides, the next pair had to be ready at the door, waiting to run up to the washing-room as soon as the previous pair came back. In this way we had warning of the warder's approach.

There was a boy in our cell who spoke a little English learned at a Korean high school. He was seized by a high fever two or three times a day, but received no medicine for it. He told us that he came from a town called Pyoktong, where there were many prisoners, closely guarded by the Chinese: Migook (American), Yungook (British)—every kind of prisoner. He had been arrested for speaking to them as they passed.

Faced Lifelong Imprisonment

We asked him what his sentence was; he had no sentence. Arrested five months before, he had had no trial. How long would he be here? He did not know. Maybe till he died. This was a political prison. There were men there because they had been Christian leaders; men who had been members of the Communist Party, but had fallen from favour; others who had been arrested for no reason known to themselves—perhaps on the old system of a *lettre de cachet*.

Trial? They had not been tried. They would not be tried. They would stay here until some powerful friend could get them released, until they were moved to another prison or until they died.

Tom and I tried to comfort them from our horror-stricken hearts, but though they were grateful, they were comfortless. They knew better than we did what the future held.

Coming back down the passage after our second wash, we were followed to our cell by the Stoat, who began to question Tom about his leg. He thought it a great joke that Tom had to hop about and that he found it difficult to visit the latrine hole with such a disability.

In this genial mood, he informed us that there was another European prisoner in the next cell down. Such were the circumstances of our imprisonment that he had been there all the time without our even suspecting his presence. Leaving us standing by the window, the Stoat went down the passage and began to talk to someone inside. A cheerful voice with a broad Australian accent answered.

"More prisoners of war, eh?" said the voice, evidently speaking for our benefit rather than to the Stoat. "Good-oh! Hope to get a chance to see 'em before long, eh? This place is a dinkum chamber of horrors."

Now I realized what it was that one of the Koreans had been trying to tell me on the previous wash day, when we had not been allowed out. He had repeated "Hoju" again and again. This was a word I had never heard before: it means "Australian."

Two days later we heard the "Hoju" come out of his cell. It was meal time and, peering through the door bars, I caught a glimpse of a mass of curly hair and a huge, light-brown beard.

"Just off," he called, apparently to a warder at the far end of the passage.

"God Save King George," I called back; and I was lucky that the Stoat was on duty and in a good humour. He kicked the door with the side of his boot, setting it rattling, but left his rebuke at that.

On The Move With Bound Wrists

At last we were to move again. Fifteen days after our arrival we were taken out of our cell and told to prepare for a journey. Our belts were returned, but my Chinese shoes had been stolen. After a great deal of fuss, threatening and argument, they contrived to find me a very old pair of canvas shoes.

How glad we were to climb on to a truck, even though my wrists were bound with wire and Tom's crutches had been removed from his reach! We looked back, as the truck drove off down the street, remembering the unfortunate ones who must stay behind. From the gateway emerged a long column of prisoners, taken from the cells at the same time as ourselves, wired together for their march to another prison or a labour camp.

At first we headed east, taking the road that runs parallel to and just south of the Yalu River. Northwards, we could see the huge, jagged peaks of North-East China; southwards, the country alternated with rice paddy and low hills.

Four nights later, after a crazy journey that had led us gradually south and then south-west, we found ourselves back in Pyongyang.

We reached a wooden police building about two o'clock in the morning, but, to our delight, were not put into a cell. We dozed until daylight and, some time after nine, were given breakfast of stale, cold rice and bean curd. Neither of us was very anxious to eat this stodgy, unappetizing food: the last police station on the way down had given us, on the previous evening, our best meal for more than a month, but we ate all the bean curd because of the nourishment it provided.

News Of Kaesong Peace Talks

A young Korean in a cheap, European-style lounge suit brought the bowls of food down, and confided that he, too, was really a prisoner but was permitted to do small jobs about the area. He had been at Pyongyang High School for some time and spoke understandable, if limited, English—though he seemed unable to tell us why he was in the hands of the police.

It was plain that he did not wish to be caught talking to us, but we did manage to discover

In the moonlight, Farrar-Hockley walked slowly

from him that the Peace Talks had started up again at Kaesong. He would say nothing more than that, and then changed the subject by saying that another American air force officer had passed through this very building, on his way to a prisoner-of-war camp run by the North Koreans. We were probably going to the same camp in four or five days, he added.

At dusk, a lieutenant-colonel of the police, with a small escort, took us in his jeep along the road to Chinam-po. A few miles from the city we turned off the main highway on to a dirt track, which led us through several villages to a large Korean farm standing on the edge of a community of about forty houses. It had probably belonged to a Japanese formerly, for it had a brick barn and its rooms were spacious compared with others in the village.

The colonel knocked on a huge double gate of wood, calling something out as he did so. As soon as the gate was open we were ordered to leave the jeep and enter the courtyard. There was a sentry, armed with a burp-gun, on the gate—the first North Korean private soldier of the infantry I had seen for a very long time. Near him was a corporal, who was receiving some sort of orders about us.

Two or three minutes later the corporal opened one of the double doors of the barn and switched on an electric light. I was told to enter, Tom following on his crutches. Inside, lying on some straw, covered with a piece of matting, was Ron, the "Hoju" from Sinuiju jail, and, with him, a freckle-faced young man

towards the sentry, distracting his attention from Jack and Ron. It was foolish for all three to be recaptured—the others had a chance to escape

named Jack, wearing an American flying suit. We had a warm welcome.

We found ourselves in a North Korean interrogation centre, and not in a prisoner-of-war camp.

The members of the interrogation staff were the most unpleasant and unscrupulous captors I had encountered up to that time, being either fanatical Communists, sadists, or a combination of both. The commander was a lieutenant-colonel of the infantry who spoke a little English.

No Food Without Hard Labour

After our arrival he had pointed out that, as war criminals of the worst sort, we could not expect a proper ration of food while awaiting our turn to be interrogated, unless we worked for it. This meant, in fact, hard labour—constructing air-raid shelters for his headquarters, digging and removing earth and rocks, carrying water over a long distance for cementing, and carrying timber and bricks up to the hill from the village. We were all weak from the privations of our captivity, and on our coarse, poor diet we were expending strength we could ill afford.

There were sometimes additional tasks in the evening. For instance, the officer who dealt principally with us was an infantry major—referred to by Kim, the civilian interpreter, as the Young Major. He hated us bitterly.

Kim himself was a vain man, who posed as an ex-professor in political economy at Seoul University, but let slip to Jack one day that he had really been an announcer on Seoul Radio. He had a marked inferiority complex and, like the Young Major, was really a savage under a thin veneer of education.

These were the circumstances surrounding our captivity—with a prospect of deterioration. Before we met one morning to make our decision on escape, however, one other important aspect had been considered: Tom's future as a lone captive in the hands of a group of men who hated him, as an American major of the regular service, perhaps more bitterly than the remainder of us. He was, to them, the epitome of all the power and abundance in life which they coveted so much, feared so much and thus hated so profoundly.

What had led me to consider leaving Tom at all was that our escape might make our captors afraid that the news of his treatment would become known to the outside world. If successful, we should actually institute such inquiries through Kaesong to ensure that he received the care a human being might expect. But both Tom and I knew that their fury on discovering our absence might be so unbridled that he would not survive it.

The night before we took the final decision I rolled over on to my side and began to whisper in Tom's ear, putting to him the prospect as I saw it and the hope that escape held for us.

Tom said: "Of course, you must go. As the senior officer here, I order you to disregard my safety, if you feel you have a chance of making it."

I reminded Tom that he would be absolutely at the mercy of the Young Major's temper—a temper we knew to be demoniac in character. "You must go," said Tom, again.

Knowing him, I should not have expected any other answer. On the following morning we reviewed the position and made our decision: I would begin work that night.

I planned to cut a hole in the outside wall of the barn. The lower half of the wall was of brick and too hard for my poor tools; but the top half was of wattles and mud, running up between stout timbers from brick to roof.

Hid Tools To Cut Through Wall

While working outside, I had picked up an old screwdriver and a rusty knife. With these tools and a Schick razor blade that I had secreted since the days at Munha-ri, I had to cut away the hard mud, bound with chopped straw, and to cut out the wattles on which the mud was mounted.

The sentry was fifteen feet away, at the far gable end of the barn, by the main entrance to the courtyard. To enter the barn, if his suspicions were aroused, he would have to come into the courtyard—a matter of five paces—unlock the door, and switch on the light. If I kept a careful watch I might have time to assume a sleeping pose, but, after a certain

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ILLUSTRATION BY NASH

The boy who wouldn't give up

by ***DUDLEY HOYS***

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES WOOD

He'd been called a slacker, a coward, a liar. After tonight, no one would ever say it again

IT WAS ON the spring gather for lambing that I first met young Carr. As usual, my neighbour, Jimmie Richardson, of Slapestones, had joined forces with us, for our fell grazings run side by side and the two flocks overlap to a certain extent. I took the south flank, with George, the hired man, about a quarter of a mile to the left. Well beyond him were Jimmie and another figure I failed to recognize.

When we had got the sea of sheep moving down towards the dale, I strolled across, and the unfamiliar figure turned out to be a slim lad of about sixteen. He had blue eyes, fair hair, small bones and small features. His shepherd's boots, laced nearly to the tip of the toe and heavy with ironmongery beneath, looked too clumsy for him.

I said: "New to the game?"

He smiled and nodded. "I started with Mr. Richardson a week ago. It was a southern voice, pleasant, with a tinge of shyness.

"Sort of an apprentice, eh?"

He said: "Yes, sir," and I wanted to laugh. In these parts, Jack and his master have no time for such frills.

"You'd best take the centre," I told him. "Keep 'em moving, and let your dog do the rest. I'll tell Jimmie Richardson."

A few yelled words explained the situation to Jimmie. He waved a far-off hand in acknowledgment, and bawled to his dog: "E-Fleet! E-Fleet!" Then he moved off.

"What's your name?" I asked the lad.

"David Carr."

"Well, David, keep 'em moving. If you come up against any snag, give me a shout."

He said, "Thank you," and again I wanted to laugh. That wasn't the sort of thing the locals would say. But his thanks were certainly sincere. I could tell that by the tiny, relieved sigh he had given. The centre was far and away the least strenuous job. What had prompted me to give it to him was the fact that he was obviously leg-weary. Active and willing he might be, but he was unused to boots that, to the uninitiated, can drag like anchors.

We set off towards the dale, fifteen hundred feet below, gathering a few more sheep on the way and sending them across to join David's procession. Down near the intake I converged on Jimmie.

"What's the idea of taking on that lad?"

Jimmie, who is lanky, in his late thirties and easy-going, grinned and said: "Mebbe I was a fool. I was needing someone and I had that letter from London."

He went on to explain that David's father and mother and the boy had spent several holidays at a spot lower down the dale. Jimmie had met them. The boy was crazy on learning fell farming.

"Reckon old Carr thought nothing of it," said Jimmie, with a smile. "But young David must have pestered him. So in the end the old man got an idea. A good 'un, I call it."

Carr, a bank manager, had pointed out to the boy that fell farming was a specialized line, involving an enormous amount of local knowledge and a deal of hard, exhausting work. If he wanted to take it up he could leave school and start now, the practical way, and go to an agricultural college later. By that time, probably, he would have changed his ideas.

"So I've taken him on," said Jimmie. "He's a decent lad. But whether he'll last. . . ." He shook his head.

I felt inclined to share his doubts. Probably the boy had patience and enthusiasm and a reasonable ration of spirit, but there was a frail, sensitive touch about him. Some of our own dale lads are slender, but they are made of wire and leather, an enduring blend, and the ancient blood of the dales is in them.

OUR intake gate was open and the sheep went jostling through, while the watchful dogs ran along the tops of the walls. Jimmie turned to me after slow cogitation, and said: "Ay, that's the problem, whether he'll last. In the autumn he's moving on to Tom Foster's place, watching the hoggs at Glarrow."

My eyebrows went up. If the lad's enthusiasm survived a winter at Glarrow I would take off my hat to him. Old Foster was a mighty different proposition from the easy-going Jimmie. A fell farmer in the days when desperately hard work and austerely simple living went together, he belonged to a generation that had been brought up tough. Dour, relentless, he had a kind heart tucked away somewhere, but it took some getting at. Tall, lean, rasping of voice, he had never suffered fools gladly. At seventy, he could still outwalk and outwork most men half his age.

I thought of Glarrow, that wind-swept, exposed stretch, technically an island, sticking out from the coast and linked with the mainland

Out on those bleak flats, David was in a lonely hell

by a wide bridge. Most of Glarrow had good grazing, an ideal spot for wintering the young Herdwick and cross-bred Swaledale lambs. The grazing extended right across the marshes and saltings, up to the very edges of the creeks, which we call gutters.

Three years before his seventieth birthday, Foster had given up farming, but sheep were so much part of his being he refused to desert them altogether. What he had done was to buy a house on Glarrow. Every autumn he accepted the responsibility of wintering six or seven hundred hoggs, as the yearling sheep were called. It meant employing a man to help him for the season, and whoever did the job had to keep an eye on the hoggs morning, noon and night. There was nothing else, no variety, nothing but sheep, sheep, sheep.

Glancing across at the lad, as we ate our

his own. Even the wheeling gulls seemed to be jeering at him. "It's a rotten world, Fleet. I feel like drowning myself," he said, stroking the sheepdog

dinner of tatie pot in Jimmie's kitchen, I felt regretfully sure that Glarrow would beat him.

During the next months I saw quite a bit of the boy. His skin had a healthy sheen and his eyes were bright. We talked a lot about fell farming. He was hungrily anxious to learn. Some things, he confided in me, made him feel sick. Pig-killing, for instance.

"You'll get over it."

"I've got to get over it."

He gave a short, nervous laugh, and looked at the ground, and back at me. "Fact is, my father's dead certain I won't stick a year of this. He told me so. It's a sort of challenge."

"If you do have to pack up, that's nothing to be ashamed of."

"Oh, isn't it? You don't know my father. He's decent enough, but he hasn't any time for failures." Then he added with a kind of prayerful intensity: "I want to show him."

Clipping was a test that must have brought him near the brink of snapping. Rightly, Jimmie gave him full sessions with the sheers. The spring of them, forcing against the muscles and sinews of the fingers for eight hours at a stretch, can be throbbing torture to the unaccustomed hand. One evening, when I went down there to help, I noticed that after he had clipped his last sheep, he sat slumped on the bench for minutes. Presently he stooped to pick up his cap, and failed. His fingers were helpless.

He said in a rather choked way: "That's what comes of being flabby."

"Nay," said Jimmie, kindly. "You can't do everything at once. Come along in and have your supper."

But David shook his head. "I couldn't eat anything, thanks. I'm too tired, I suppose."

"He'll never make out," said Jimmie, when we were alone. "Nay. He's a nice lad. But even if he had the build, he's too gentle like, if you follow me. I'm sorry, but there it is."

I felt sorry, too. I could picture the lad's reactions to the forbidding Tom Foster at Glarrow, who would offer stern criticism of every mistake, and no encouragement. David would lose heart, and go home.

It was near Christmas when I heard about his spell with Tom Foster.

First sight of the bleak, stone house must have given the boy a foretaste of what was to follow. It squatted grim and uncompromising, with neither tree nor garden, slap on the fringe of the saltings.

The unsmiling Tom shook hands with him, and

Continued on page 36

Con Lanier defends his boom crop on two fronts

by KEITH ELLIS

Tobacco pests can ruin the harvest, and nations can change their smoking habits. As a prosperous farmer-lawyer, he guards America from both disasters

Women workers prepare tobacco seedlings on one of Lanier's four farms. Earnings are high: a family can afford a new car every two years

GREENVILLE, North Carolina. AS HE TOURED his farms a few years ago, James Con Lanier, a Greenville tobacco grower, noticed that several tobacco plants had unaccountably died. The following year, the damage had increased sharply, and Lanier knew that his plants had a bad case of black shank, a disease which had first appeared in the area in 1940, and had gradually become more virulent.

There was only one way of conquering the disease. Instead of the usual variety of tobacco, Lanier planted a strain resistant to black shank. The next year, not a plant was affected.

In 1952, he had special reason to congratulate himself. A neighbour, tempted by the high prices the non-resistant tobacco was fetching, planted it on most of his acreage. Almost his entire crop was destroyed by black shank.

Growing tobacco is only one of Lanier's problems. Besides being a tobacco farmer, he is also a tobacco lawyer. Shrewd and brisk, he is general counsel of the Leaf Tobacco Exporters' Association, a fighting organization of "Virginia" tobacco dealers dedicated to "protecting and promoting the market for American leaf tobacco."

British Habit Means Money

His anxiety to keep supplies of American tobacco continuously available to smokers all over the world, is based on his simple observation: "People smoke what they've *been* smoking. It's all a matter of habit." American growers benefit from the Britsh preference for "Virginia," which started about 1565.

After Great Britain, America's best tobacco customers are Germany, the Netherlands, Australia, the Philippines, Ireland and Indonesia. "We don't sell tobacco directly to Iron Curtain countries," says Lanier, "but we sell more to Switzerland than they could possibly smoke, and some of it may be finding its way through. I hope our tobacco gets through to China, too—to keep the taste alive." In the 1920s, China ranked second to Great Britain as an importer of American tobacco.

Last year, a former American army sergeant living in the Philippines, where he had helped to start a native tobacco industry, persuaded politician friends to eliminate American competition by cutting imports of all foreign tobacco by seventy-five per cent. But he reckoned without Lanier, who hurried to Washington, D.C., and called a meeting of interested Senators and Representatives, also inviting the Philippine

Tobacco farming is mechanized by Lanier (left). This tractor-drawn machine digs holes, plants out and waters the seedlings at the rate of two a second

ambassador and a representative of the State Department. In his vigorous, slightly jerky voice, he pointed out that the cut violated the spirit, if not the exact letter, of the 1946 free trade agreement which the Philippines were currently negotiating to renew.

As he had anticipated, the State Department cabled the American ambassador in Manila, asking him to express formally the U.S. Government's disapproval of the tobacco import cuts. The response, if slow, was sure. "At this moment," says Lanier, "there's a Bill in the Philippine Parliament which will allow us to export to the Philippines as much tobacco as they want to buy."

Workers Get Half The Crop

Lanier himself has four farms. This year he is planting eighty-five of his cleared acres with tobacco. "It's usual to grow the crop on about a quarter of one's land," he explains. "We rotate tobacco with cotton and corn."

Like most Southern farmers, Lanier works on the share-crop principle. On each farm, he keeps two or three families who provide the labour, and pay for half the fertilizer, half the insecticides and half the curing oil. In return, they get a free house and garden, a hog pasture and half the crop. On the first of each month, he lends them money which they pay back at the end of the year.

Lanier, a stockily built man with rimless spectacles, a plump, pink face and slightly grizzled black hair, cites pests as the main enemy of the tobacco farmer: "Everything seems to like tobacco. Hornworms can eat a whole leaf in twenty-four hours. Fleabeetles puncture a leaf with thousands of tiny holes and completely destroy its texture. Grasshoppers flit from leaf to leaf, tearing a large hole out of each. But cutworms are the worst of all. They bite off the young buds. Later, they get into the stalk, rot it and cause the whole plant to fall over."

He had a narrow escape from blue mould, a disease that first struck North Carolina in 1932. "After an attack," says Lanier, "it looked as though a fire had swept over the plant beds."

He had planted sufficient seeds to make up his losses, but other farmers, already badly hit by the low prices of the depression, went bankrupt. "Every Monday morning, dozens of farms on which the mortgages had been foreclosed, were sold on the steps of the courthouse."

Unfortunately, the fact that diseases have appeared unexpectedly in the past suggests they may do so again in the future. "Even this year," says Lanier, "I've noticed a sort of mottling on the leaves. It's not severe, but next year we may have to contend with another disease."

To help pay for tobacco research, which is continually going on at the State College, all farmers pay a tax of 4½d. on each bag of fertilizer they buy. "We call it 'nickels for know-how.'"

At every stage in the growing of tobacco, farmers fight its enemies. "In December," says Lanier, "we prepare the seed beds, seventy-five square yards for two acres of tobacco. After ploughing and pulverizing the soil and allowing it to settle down, we cover it with plastic air-proof cloth and seal it round the edges with soil. Then we pump in poison gas, to kill the weeds."

After four or five days the bed is uncovered and the tobacco seed, mixed with meal, is sown by hand. Each seed is one-third the size of a mustard seed. Four hundred thousand of them weigh one ounce. To protect them against frost, the bed is covered with cheesecloth. At the end of April, when the seedlings are six inches high, they are pulled by hand and transplanted into the field by a tractor-drawn machine fed by two men. Every half-second it digs a hole, sets a plant, waters it and covers it over.

Later, the buds are treated with a mixture of arsenic and meal to kill off cutworms. Twice, in June and at the beginning of August, the fields are sprayed from the air with insecticide.

In mid-July, when the plants stand six feet high, harvesting begins. Each plant consists of sixteen to twenty leaves on a stalk, and once a week—twice a week if the weather is hot—four or five leaves are removed when they are turning from green to yellow.

Like most North Carolina farmers, Lanier uses mules on his farm. "They work longer and harder than horses, and they can get in between the rows of plants to pull out the harvested leaves. But when it rains, the farm workers have to do it. They take off their shoes and stockings and work ankle-deep in mud. The work must go on. Tomorrow is too late." In 1929 the whole crop was ruined by torrential rain just before the harvest started.

Giant Hailstones Tore Leaves

Still worse is hail, which Lanier insures against. "Its course is unpredictable," he says. "It seems to travel in a narrow path and to make jumps. Three years ago, a farmer forty miles away had all his leaves torn off by hailstones the size of marbles. Neighbours' farms were unaffected."

After harvesting, the tobacco leaves are tied on long sticks, which are placed on racks in tall, narrow curing barns. Oil-burners gradually raise the temperature to 175 degrees Fahrenheit. After four days and nights, the green tobacco has turned a golden yellow, losing nine-tenths of its weight in the process. It is then moved to a packhouse where the farmer selects the perfectly coloured leaves and sends them to market.

Greenville claims to be the world's greatest

tobacco centre, because Pitt County, of which it is the seat, grows more tobacco than any other county in the United States. But the Greenville tobacco market is only the third largest, with eighteen warehouses where tobacco is sold.

During the auction season, from approximately August 21 to November 26 each year, each of nine tobacco companies assigns five buyers to it.

So that every company may be represented at every auction, no more than five sales take place at any one time. The nine buying companies include large cigarette manufacturers who buy direct, local dealers who buy as agents for smaller cigarette manufacturers, and dealers who buy on their own account in order to resell at a profit.

At the market, the tobacco is weighed and graded. Under New Deal legislation, no tobacco may be sold under a price fixed annually by the government. If it fails to sell at one penny above that price, the tobacco is bought in by the Stabilization Corporation at the support price, and held until it can be resold without loss.

After grading, the baskets are placed in long rows along the warehouse floor. A tobacco auction is the fastest sale in the world. Each basket is sold separately—one every six seconds. The selling is so fast that neither buyers nor the auctioneer ever stop: they are continuously on the move—the auctioneer, the warehouseman and the ticket-marker on one side of the baskets; the line of buyers on the other.

Auctioneer Chants To Sell

As the party comes to a new basket, the warehouseman calls out a starting-price, usually somewhere near the government support price. The auctioneer then starts a continuous nasal chant, which sounds more like a musical instrument than a human voice. As the buyers come abreast of the basket, they inspect the bundles of tobacco and bid with a wink, a nod, or a twitch of the brow. Some scratch, or stick out their tongues. In a few seconds, the auctioneer winds up his chant, with a "Sold Imperial" or "Sold American" according to the buyer who bid the highest.

By this time, the party has reached the next basket. While the ticket-marker records the price and buyer on the basket that has been sold, the warehouseman starts off the bidding on the next one.

After buying the tobacco, the firm takes it to a redrying plant where the coarse stems are usually cut from the leaves. Ray Waters, factory superintendent of Person Garrett, a large Greenville dealer who buys tobacco for several English and American cigarette manufacturers, says that before the war the stems were sold to China, where an inferior type of cigarette was made from them. Nowadays, many of them go back to the tobacco farms as fertilizer. The buyer chooses whether he wants it stemmed or not. One large British firm imports the leaves unstemmed. "The stems are rolled out and used with the rest of the tobacco," says Waters. "You can't tell the difference."

After foreign matter and inferior leaves have been picked out by hand, the leaves pass over a drum where dirt is sucked off by a vacuum. "Every day we draw off 3,500 pounds of dirt," says Waters. "And we pay for that dirt at an average of 3s. 8d. a pound."

The leaves are next rebundled, hung on long rods and passed into the redrying machine. "The machine dries them to seven per cent," says Waters, "but if we packed them like that, they'd be pulverized." Steam atomizers restore some of the moisture—more moisture for the American market than for export to Britain. As one dealer says: "British tobacco must be as dry as possible—£2 18s. a pound is a lot of duty to pay for water." Curiously, the tobacco, which would have rotted within thirty days if its natural moisture had been left in, lasts for years with the artificial moisture.

Besides the three farms he owns outright—he leases one—Lanier has a large house built in the French Colonial style, and two seaside cottages. Both his wife and son have cars of their own. He realizes that, ultimately, his standard of living depends not on government-supported prices, but on a high and steady foreign demand for tobacco. He knows, too, that foreign competitors—Southern Rhodesia, India, Japan, Canada and Brazil—are also beginning to export flue-cured tobacco, and that the total non-American production of flue-cured leaf is now two and a half times the average for the years 1935-39.

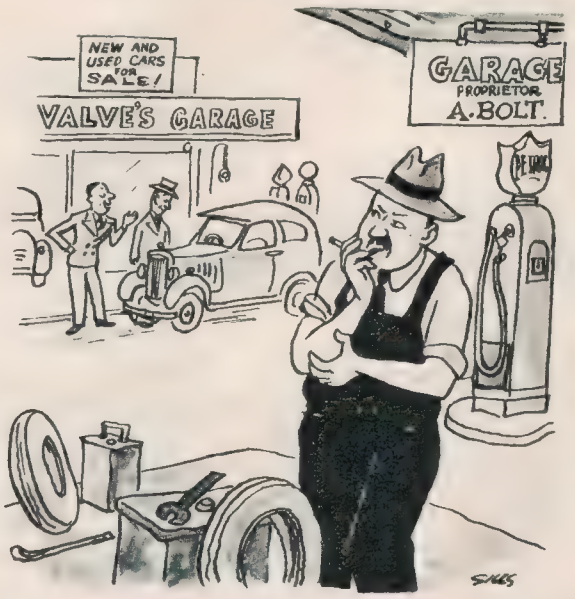
Since 1932, when he reluctantly accepted a job in the tobacco section of the Agricultural Adjustment Administration, Lanier has seen the price of tobacco rise to an average of 3s. 8d. a pound, and with it the standard of living of everyone connected with tobacco. "We're a long way from *Tobacco Road* now," he says. "My workers have a new car every two years. There is running water in their homes. Last year, one of them made a clear profit of £900—and that was after he'd paid the living expenses of his family.

"He keeps a pack of hounds and, with eleven other men, leases 2,800 acres of forest for hunting." THE END

Consider your verdict

by

RUSSELL SCOTT, LL.B.



MR. VALVE, a garage proprietor, dealt in new and second-hand cars. After several good years, he found them more difficult to sell: prices began to drop.

He sought a first-class salesman and was prepared to pay him top salary. The post went to George, a forceful young man of twenty-five with a fine sales record. Valve gave him a two-year contract at a basic salary of £15 per week plus commission.

George proved a real asset, and Valve's sales shot up.

Meanwhile, at the garage across the road, Mr. Bolt watched his profits falling as fast as Valve's business increased. Seeing George's success at the rival garage, Bolt determined to get the salesman to work for him.

"I will pay you £5 a week more than Valve, and give you a higher commission," he offered over lunch a few days later. "You can have a longer contract—five years, if you like."

George was won over for, in spite of his high earnings, he was extravagant and had no savings. "All right, I accept," he agreed. He left Valve and began work for Bolt.

Valve knew it would be pointless to sue George, so he took Bolt to court and claimed damages for "enticement."

"Bolt deliberately persuaded George to break his contract with me," he told the court. "It was a blatant act which he knew would cause me considerable harm. He must compensate me for my loss of profits."

"Rubbish!" replied Bolt. "There may be many restrictions today, but there is still no law against competition and rival bargaining. I offered George more advantageous conditions, and he is now much better off with me."

What is your verdict? For the judge's decision, turn to page 28

THE EDGE OF THE SWORD

Continued from page 21

point in my work, I would not be able to explain why there was the outline of a hole in the wall above us.

Knowing that I should probably fail to cut my way through completely in one night, I decided to reach a point on the first night which might be explained, if noticed during the next day, by a fall of mud from the wall. Of course, I could not begin to cut the wattles, but hoped to be able to look at the few I had exposed in daylight, so that I should be able to make a work plan for the following night.

The next morning, when the guard commander opened our door to bring in our bowls of millet, we all came near to heart failure. Looking at the wall, we saw that a large number of the wattles had been laid bare, and that the main area of mud removed was just about the size for a man to crawl through! It seemed that the great, dark patch shrieked at the guard commander and sentries to be noticed.

The day passed in the normal way. When we returned from work we at once asked Tom if anyone had taken an interest in the wall. Apparently it had remained unnoticed. We ate our evening meal and settled down for the night, ostensibly to sleep. Shortly after, I began to work.

Tom, Ron and Jack lay back under the mats, listening to the talk of some of the officers of the interrogation centre, whose room was in the western half of the barn. Once I began to cut the wattles we became absolutely committed to escaping that night, and I increased my speed as much as I dared. Every noise, however slight, seemed to echo through the room. I felt that, at any moment, there would be a cry of alarm from the officers next door, chairs would be thrown back, the doors opened and a crowd of infuriated North Koreans unleashed upon us.

Now and again the anxious voices of one of the others would reach me, asking for a progress report, and I would reassure them as best I could. I removed a complete section of wattles, after about two hours' work, and began to cut away the hard mud that lay beyond them.

After about ten minutes I made a disappointing discovery: there was another section of wattles between us and the outside.

Though the room was very cold, the sweat ran from my forehead, face and neck as I cut, prised, pulled and scraped as quickly as I could. Another hour passed before the second section was free. I pulled away the mud that remained on the far side, touched a smooth, flexible surface, pushed against it and felt my hand slide through into the cold night air outside.

I returned to the floor, where the three were lying beneath their mats. Jack and Tom were talking in whispers. Ron had fallen asleep. Waking him, I went back to the hole and crawled through as quickly as I dared, dropping on to my hands on the far side. The wide ledge which ran along the outside wall was covered with empty bottles, buckets, tin cans, a motor car tyre and an old cast-iron wood stove.

Standing on the ledge, I removed the bottles and the stove to one side to make way for Ron, who was the next to come out. His head appeared in the hole, his shoulders, his hips. Suddenly, he lost his balance. He fell forward, swept the ledge with his arms and knocked the stove on to the track below. A loud crash rang through the village.

Nearby was an ox, lying in its stable. As Ron disappeared back through the hole in the wall I ran across to the ox and lay down behind him, waiting for the reaction to the alarm. Several minutes passed, but no sound came above the heavy breathing of the sleeping ox.

After ten minutes I returned to the hole and called to Ron in a whisper. This time he managed to get right out of the hole before knocking a bottle off the ledge, but I caught it before it could fall. Jack followed. The three of us moved, as planned, to a stack of dried corn stalks about eighty yards from the barn. Here, Jack and Ron concealed themselves, while I returned to the courtyard. We had completed the break-out.

In a corner of the courtyard was a pile of old padded jackets and a pair of padded trousers. It was most desirable that we should have these, because of the lightness of Jack's and Ron's clothing—I was afraid that Jack, especially, might suffer from cold shock once we reached the coast. I crawled back into the courtyard through an opening in the wall, normally used to pass fodder through to the cattle-shed. Laden with clothing, I returned the same way to the corn stalks.

Both Jack and Ron felt much better when they had donned their new clothing. I took the old, black raincoat that Jack had discarded and we set off across the rice paddy on a

When fools are wise

"July, when wives philosophise, that fruit is soft, and fools are wise!"

All summer there are some soft fruits that make delicious fools. But July must be All-Fools' month! Only the young pink rhubarb has gone. Now we have yellow-green gooseberries, blackcurrants, redcurrants, crimson plums, purple damsons, raspberries, logan-berries, strawberries; all asking to be smoothed, creamed, sweetened into melting, mm-marvellous fruit fools.

Nestlé's is full-cream country milk and pure cane sugar ; nothing but the very thing! And concentrated to just the consistency to make a perfect fool of any tart, sharp-tasting fruit. It's almost *too* easy. Simply whip it : you won't beat it.

FOOL PROOF

You will need, for 2 to 3 people :—

½ pint fruit purée, unsweetened. That is, fruit stewed down without sugar, until it is thick; and then sieved.

4 to 5 tablespoons of Nestlé's Milk.

Colouring, if liked.

Savoy, or Sponge Fingers.

Whip the fruit purée into the Nestlé's Milk. Add the colouring. Put into individual glasses, and prettify the tops as you please. Serve a sponge finger with each.

**This is just one from scores of "Favourite Recipes", which Nestlé's will be happy to send you FREE, if you write to The Nestlé Company Ltd. (Dept. 22), Hayes, Middlesex.*

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Why didn't you tell me?

But how could she? When he left home in the morning his suit was immaculate. But all through the day those seedy-looking dandruff flakes have been settling on the back of his jacket . . . seen and disapproved of by everyone . . . ruining his appearance and threatening the health of his hair. There is *one* treatment which would swiftly help him! Dr. Page Barker's Scurf and Dandruff Lotion has been warmly recommended by chemists and hairdressers for many years, and the excellent results obtained by every user have continued to increase its popularity. Ask for Dr. Page Barker's Scurf and Dandruff Lotion at your chemists or hairdressers today. Only 3/2d. Large bottle 4/4d.

For a complete treatment use also DR. PAGE BARKER'S D.43 SHAMPOO

course that led north-west to the mountains. Neither shots nor other sounds of alarm reached us as we crossed the main Chinam-po highway and left the interrogation centre behind a hill—free men once more.

By morning we had put twelve miles between us and our prison; Pyongyang, a broad stretch of the Taedong River, and the fertile Taedong Valley lay below us in the morning sun. Our hill-top gave us ample cover in which to rest from the night march. We ate our raw diacons, taken from the fields far back, as we discussed the route to the coast.

North of Chinam-po we knew the seashore was covered with soft mud that often ran out for more than five miles, even at high water. But there were deep-water inlets northwards, and the port of Chinam-po would be about twenty miles south of the point at which we expected to find the sea.

Planned Sea Escape

Ron and Jack agreed with me that we should turn north on reaching the coast and seek the deep-water inlets, and the fishermen's craft that lay in them, rather than risk the sentinels of Chinam-po. Once we got to the sea we could only hope that wind and tide would not be against us.

The problem of water for the journey was one that concerned me most, for I felt that, in our present condition, we should not be able to handle the boat effectively if we remained at sea for more than a week without water.

After a second careful reconnaissance we descended from our hill at dusk, with a stream and valley to cross before climbing a range on the far side which led to the sea. The brown and yellow leaves lay everywhere, as we passed through the woods on the lower slopes.

Reaching the rice-paddy in the valley, we made a detour round the first village that lay on our course. Beyond, the stream flowed fast and deep between high banks of soft mud. I was hoping that we should find a crossing place higher up, for I was anxious that we should not get our clothes wet; the heavy night frost would certainly freeze them, and we could not count on a sunny day to dry them out before another night fell.

We made a second detour to avoid another village, and were about to descend to the stream when we were challenged. I heard the action of a rifle bolt close by, and, as the moon emerged from the clouds, saw a sentry a few yards away, his rifle covering us.

Jack and Ron were behind me. It was foolish for us all to get recaptured; their chance of withdrawal was better than mine. Signalling to them to crawl away along a rice-paddy bank nearby, I walked slowly towards the sentry, speaking in a normal voice, hoping to distract his attention.

Faced Puzzled Sentry

Attending to me, he did not spot the other two. He halted me firmly when I was about ten paces from him. Each of us stared at the other: he did not know what to make of me; I wondered how I could slip away from the weapon that covered me.

The guard turned out. I was led into the guardroom in a nearby village, which we had not observed in our daylight reconnaissance because it lay in a small valley. By this time I had decided to attempt a bluff, and, in the friendliest voice I could raise, I said, "Tovarich!" pointing delightedly at a coloured picture of Stalin on the wall.

The soldiers looked at me in puzzlement for a few moments. They regarded my black raincoat and the Chinese Communist cap that Tom had given me for the escape; they indicated my beard and blue eyes to one another as they discussed me among themselves. One of them came forward and said a few words to me in what I believed to be elementary Russian, and I replied heartily in gibberish, ending as many of my words as possible with "ski," "shi," "ish," and "off."

As their brown eyes grew friendlier, I began to indicate that I must be on my way, pointing to their watches as if asking the time. I really believed that I was going to get away with it; for they were smiling now, and two men shook my hand. With luc. , they might take me out on to the path and escort me to the edge of the village.

I was just lighting a cigarette offered to me, when the door opened and a North Korean police captain entered. He stepped towards me, speaking rapidly and apparently fluently in a language that was certainly neither Korean nor Chinese. After a couple more sentences I realized that the game was up: he was evidently a Russian interpreter. I took a good pull on the cigarette and said in English: "I'm afraid there seems to have been some sort of mistake."

By the look on his face, I could see that he intended to rectify it. I left the guardroom with my arms bound tightly behind me.

We had agreed on the tale to be told if any one or all of us were caught. First, we should insist that Tom knew nothing of our plans to escape; that we had cut through the wall and slipped out while he slept. In this way, we hoped to save him any further retribution.

Next, someone had to take the blame for devising and planning the escape, and, as the senior officer in our party, it was my duty to assume this responsibility. Finally, at all costs, we were determined to conceal from them that we had intended to seize a boat and escape by sea, as we were most anxious to avoid any special watch being kept on boats in the future.

This was the story I now told. I told it during the first examination in the village; and I told it again at the Central Police Headquarters in Pyongyang in the afternoon of the same day. By this time, I was sitting in an office containing three colonels of police, who, to my surprise, seemed to have nothing better to do than question a wretched escaped prisoner-of-war.

Stuck To His Story

It may have been, of course, that the prospect of losing prisoners who would report the conditions of captivity to the outside world was sufficient to command their personal attention. Whatever the reason, my interview with them that afternoon imposed on them at least a measure of responsibility for what followed.

I was taken to a stone building where the Young Major interrogated me himself. Now, although we had agreed to tell a set story and I had told it, I had refused to say in which direction Jack and Ron continued when I was recaptured.

At each examination I pointed out that I was a British officer, and could hardly be expected to provide them with details that would assist them to recapture my comrades. The Young Major now informed me that it was his intention that I should do so. An argument that lasted for about half an hour began. At the end, Kim was given instructions by the Young Major, which he translated to me.

"You think you can trick us with your lies; but you will never be able to do so. We are armed with the knowledge of scientific Marxist Socialism and scientifically analyse your words. Furthermore, your attitude reveals your insincerity.

"You refuse to co-operate with us and show yourself to be our bitter enemy. The Young Major now gives

Consider your verdict

In the case on page 26, the judge held that George's services were the asset involved in his contract with Valve. It was clear that Bolt had every intention to take these from Valve. It is wrong for a man deliberately to induce another to break such a contract, so Valve won his case, and Bolt had to pay damages. *(This is the probable verdict, based on actual cases.)*

"Yes, it's quite pleasant, but won't it be lovely when—

—summer comes"

you your last opportunity to redeem your crime of making an escape and of forcing the others to do so by using the rank you held in the forces of the aggressors. If you do not take it, we shall have to adopt severe measures."

When he had finished, they all looked at me. I said: "I have told you how things stand. I have nothing more to say."

When Kim had translated this back to the Young Major, the latter rose to his feet and said what I believed to be the only English word he knew: "O.K.," he said, making for the door. "O.K."

His drawn pistol covering me, Poker-Face (the lieutenant) intimated that I should follow and, with Kim, we left the room.

The Young Major had set off down a passage. Almost at the end of this, on the left-hand side, was a steel door which had two handles on it—levers six or more inches long, whose inner ends locked into recesses in the door jambs.

As we passed through this door, I saw that it was very thick, and that the greater portion between the two steel faces appeared to be packed with fabric of some sort. Poker-Face closed the door, locking it with the two inside levers and moved round to join the Young Major.

"Strip to the waist," said Kim.

My mind could not conceive the truth that my senses offered. We were all standing in a small square room, with cement-faced walls and a concrete floor. High above us, from a wooden ceiling, ropes trailed from metal rings. There were two more such rings in the left-hand wall. Under the right wall was a large barrel of water. One little chair, such as a child might use at a kindergarten, was beside it; across its back lay more ropes, in a tangle. In the light of a single bright electric lamp that burned in the ceiling, I saw that there were stains on the floor and walls that looked very much like blood.

As I stripped off my filthy, lousy shirt and jersey, I knew that I was in a torture chamber.

Yet, my mind could not conceive it. I was living in the twentieth century —the year A.D. nineteen hundred and fifty-one. Surely, these three men could never bring themselves to torture me in cold blood. Looking round at their faces, I saw neither passion nor compassion in any one of them.

I threw my clothes to the floor, and Kim kicked them into the corner as Poker-Face tied my wrists again. The Young Major spoke to Kim, who said, "Kneel down."

Kneeling there, looking up at them, still unable to comprehend that this was really happening to me, I saw the Young Major's hand come round to strike me on the temple, as the first of a series of blows that he and Poker-Face released upon me.

Kim joined them when they began to kick; and it was he who covered my face, when the Young Major saw that I was anticipating some of the blows and ducking. Just before the cloth came down over my eyes, I saw to my horror that the Young Major's face had assumed an expression of savage pleasure: he was really enjoying my suffering.

Tied To The Chair

In my innocence, I had thought this maltreatment was to be either my punishment, or a means of inducing me to give information about Jack and Ron. I discovered that it was merely the overture. The covering was removed and I was assisted by Kim and Poker-Face into the tiny chair.

I almost thanked them for what seemed to be an act of remorse or compassion. It was neither. They now bound my legs to the front of the chair, my arms to the two uprights at the back. My wrists, still secured, were tied down with a second piece of rope to the cross-piece between the two back legs.

The Young Major kicked me in the chest and the chair fell over, with me, on to its back.

Poker-Face now produced a towel, as the Young Major threw two or three dippers of ice-cold water over my face and neck, drawn from the barrel in the corner. Still I did not understand, thinking, as I lay shivering with the cold, that I was to be chilled to the bone by repeated dousing.

But Poker-Face placed the towel over my face, and, a second later, more water was thrown over me. When I tried to rise—a pitiful

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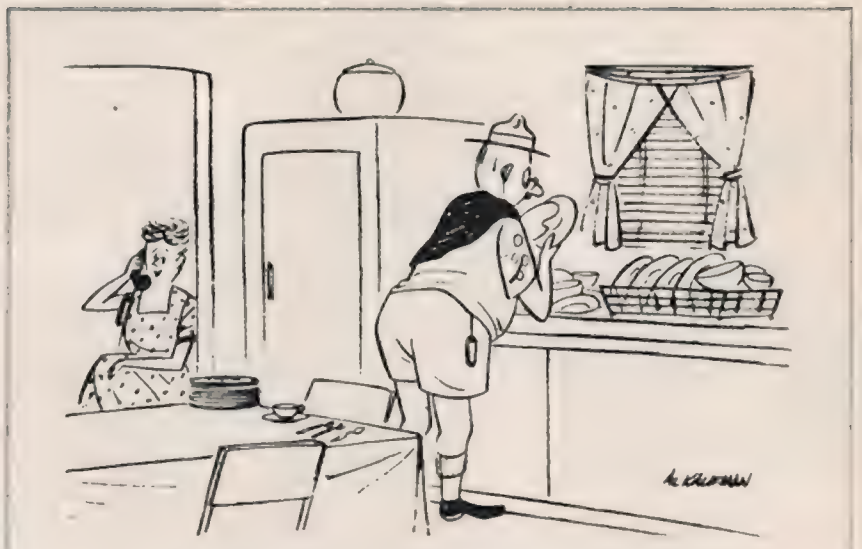

"Mr. Brown will be along to the rally in half an hour. He's doing his good deed for the day"

attempt in which I just managed to lift my head forward a little—the Young Major put his boot on my mouth and shoved my head back again.

More water struck the towel, some running off on to my bare chest—but some was absorbed. I tried to blow out the water which had seeped through into my nostrils and mouth. If they are not careful, I thought, they're going to choke me.

And then, instantly, comprehension followed. That was exactly what they intended to do. I think I had never been so frightened in my life.

The Young Major must have known exactly when to stop—perhaps the moment I became unconscious. I came to, still lashed to the little chair but now upright, the water pouring from my nose and mouth down my chest. I had come round rather quickly because the Young Major was applying the end of a lighted cigarette to my back at frequent intervals.

Tortured Three Times

I saw that he was smiling. It was not a pleasant smile. He was good enough to desist when Kim began to ask me for the information they wanted. About ten minutes later, the process began all over again: I experienced the same terror; my expectation of death was the same as before, yet it concerned me less than the agony of finding my breath dying in my lungs. When, eventually, I was dragged from the room, they had tortured me in this way three times.

That was the first day. They came for me on the second day, but not on the third; again on the fourth day; again on the sixth. In between times. I lay bound on the concrete floor, taking refuge in a corner from the water that covered most of the cell. Each morning I was brought a bowl of boiled maize, but had no water to drink.

So that I could eat, my wrists were released, but not my sore, throbbing ankles.

There was no light during those six days, except when I was led out to the torture chamber, or when my food was brought in. I lay for ever listening for the sound of footsteps that would take me back to the little room with the water barrel in the corner.

When they brought me back on the evening of the sixth day, my spirits were lower than they had ever been before. I could not disguise from myself that my resistance was weakening. Now I was reduced to the state where I said that I would endure it for one more time; and when that time came, for one more time again. I experienced that night periods of lightheadedness, due, I think, to the severe beatings.

Periodically, I began to hear voices in my ears, and have vivid dreams of being with my family again.

That day Kim had said to me: "If we do not find them, I think you will be tortured to death. We have many ways of killing you slowly."

Some time on the seventh day, I realized that I had taken almost all that my mind and body could take. I prayed very hard, and I think my faith in God was never stronger. Within an hour, my circumstances improved.

The door to the main passage opened and I saw a flashlight coming towards the cell. Another was switched on as three men reached my doorway. For a moment I thought that I was to be taken out again: Captain Li, from the Interrogation Centre, came into the cell and stood over me, calling my name. "You are very lucky," he said. "Tomorrow you will be shot."

Such was my condition that I was glad—grateful that I was going to die a clean death that was in keeping with my profession, instead of dying vilely, in fear and agony in the torture chamber, with my own cries in my ears. I confess I am not of that breed of men who manage to remain silent under torture: I swore and shouted at the inquisitors each time, as long as I had breath.

Captain Li departed, but not the other two. I saw that a Korean police officer stood outside with one of the warders, watching me turning over and over restlessly, seeking for ease that was never there. He spoke to the warder, who entered the cell and, bending over me, unfastened my wrists and ankles; then departed, relocking the cell door.

"I Could Move Again"

Unsteadily, unused to this freedom of movement, I stood up. Two of my ribs were cracked from kicks; my head, shoulders and thighs were sore and bruised; my back was covered with cigarette burns, which smarted at the slightest touch from my filthy clothes —but I was free to move again! If I wanted to move a leg, I could move it! I could raise and lower my arms.

For several minutes I experimented happily under the eye of the watching policeman, though I had forgotten him. He called me over to the barred window, where we stood face to face. He was a man of middle height, clad in the uniform of a captain of the police. In the torchlight, I saw that he wore spectacles.

"*Tambay, eso?*" he asked, after a moment. I shook my head; he knew I had no tobacco. He drew three cigarettes from his pocket and passed them through the bars and found some matches to give me.

As I stood in front of him, smoking my first cigarette for many weeks, he shook his head, smiling at me with obvious sympathy.

After all that had happened, this simple act of compassion was too much for my self-control. The tears rolled down my bearded cheeks as we stood, in silence, regarding one another.

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"My husband is a poor loser"

MR. KING MEANS BUSINESS BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN

Continued from page 11

were iced up along the North Sea coast. "He worked days and nights arranging for ice-breakers from the Kiel Canal to get through to them," she says. Recently, to complete one urgent deal, King flew to Germany and back in little over half a day.

His quick thinking was tested when he met the president of the U.S.S.R. chemicals industry in Moscow, in 1952, and presented his credentials. When King said that he wanted to buy chemicals, the Russian produced a list covering thousands of products. King read through it until he found one for which he knew there was a demand in the West. "I carefully didn't show too much enthusiasm."

"How much do you want?" asked the Russian.

"I'll take all you have," said King.

To his astonishment, the Russian offered an almost incredible quantity, costing about £100,000. The Russian also wanted an immediate answer.

King began to wonder if he had overestimated the demand, but when he returned a few hours later he found a five-page foolscap contract in English awaiting him. "The surprising thing," he says now, "was that there was no escape clause. If I signed I was buying a staggering amount of the stuff."

King suggested one proviso. "I'll sign," he said, "on condition that my Board of Trade agrees. I don't represent a government as you do." The Russian looked doubtful until King added: "If they don't agree I'll send you a photostat copy of their disapproval." With the Russian convinced that it was not an attempt at what King calls "double-shuffling," a covering clause was inserted. As it turned out, however, the Board of Trade consented and every ton was delivered.

Russians Hate Delay

This deal was King's first insight into the Soviet trading mentality, which does not allow for procrastination. "They have no time for you unless you can give a firm decision on behalf of manufacturers. They are well informed about world prices, know exactly what they have to trade and what they want to buy—and they don't just discuss possible deals to use you as a price sounding-board." This outlook suits King, who today has a free hand to act for a number of Britain's biggest enterprises as a buyer and seller.

"It means," he says, "that I have to be prepared for almost any trade inquiry, and must have an up-to-date idea of what's going on in the world."

To keep up with the news he reads forty newspapers a week, three news magazines and two advertising publications, and subscribes to American business journals and two press-cutting agencies.

He wades through his reading in bed at nights and during breaks between appointments and trade organizing. When abroad he regularly telephones his office in Regent Street, London, and when in Moscow puts through a daily call with a summary of business and occasional requests for technical information on commodities he does not know enough about. Specialists in his office cable back advice on everything from chemicals to ships.

Union Jack On Car

Frequently, King meets both Russians and Chinese in East Berlin. His firm keeps a car in the Western sector of the city and he is driven across the border with a Union Jack fluttering from the radiator. He speaks no language but English, with a smattering of German (which he believes is becoming the international language of commerce), and relies heavily on interpreters.

When in China he presents a business card made out in Chinese symbols; he also has one in Russian—"a gesture they seem to appreciate." The language barrier, he says, is an advantage rather than a hardship—"there's a void between you that makes double-dealing unlikely."

In Moscow, King fixes his appointments through Intourist, the Russian travel organization, and likes to fit in five or six meetings daily with the presidents or vice-presidents of the State trading organizations. He takes rolls of film of Moscow life. On his last visit he was taking pictures of Moscow from a bridge when an insignificant-looking man put his hand in front of the camera. "I pushed it away. I was in the middle of taking a time-exposure. The man asked for my visa, which I had left at the hotel. I showed him a picture postcard from a British seaside resort. He gave up then—and walked away."

Wilfred King, who expects this year to arrange about £6 million worth of international trade, worked a newspaper round when he was eleven, starting at five thirty in the morning. After school he put in two hours a night pulling out basting threads in a tailor's shop in north London. He saved enough from his fifteen shillings a week earnings to buy a bicycle and a radio. His parents wanted him to take a secure civil service or public corporation job, but even at fifteen, he says, he wanted to learn business. Taking a job as a comptometer operator, he moved from one firm to another in different lines of trade.

For some time he tried to get into advertising—"but there was a lot of nepotism in those days, and I ran against a stone wall." Eventually, he joined a family concern in London, dealing in men's and women's wear and furnishings. At twenty he was given the managership of a south

London branch taking £700 to £1,000 a week, and he was earning about £700 a year when he volunteered for the R.A.F. in 1940.

Posted as an A.C.2 to Church Fenton, Yorkshire, he was paraded with seventy other recruits by a warrant officer who asked if anyone knew anything about clothing. King said he did. "Then you can get these men to bed," said the warrant officer. "We've got palliasses, but you'll have to divide the men into squads and collect straw from the farmers." This private enterprise, says King, established him as "the world's biggest stinker," but he did the job with a colleague.

Soon they found that matters of squad organization were becoming their responsibility. After a few weeks of this, King sought the warrant officer and pointed out that, in commercial life, authority and the power to look after people meant more money. The warrant officer said he had recommended King for promotion. King asked bluntly if it meant more pay. Within three months he was promulgated corporal (paid).

Felt Wanderlust Again

In less than a year, however, his wanderlust was getting the better of him. "I was feeling claustrophobia creeping on." He was sent on an R.A.F. Regiment officers' training course to an army O.C.T.U. in the Isle of Man. In the street one day he met a tailor's representative he had known in his civilian days, who was looking for business in officers' kit. The tailor's man explained that he was having difficulty in assessing the real value of orders placed by trainees. "If they don't pass out," he said, "we stand quite a loss."

King proposed that he should be consulted about each order as it came up and give a verdict on the airman's chances of passing out. In return he was to be supplied with a free kit and paid £1 a head for every correct forecast. "I didn't make a single mistake," he says.

His commercial intuition, when he himself passed the course, led him to volunteer for service in Burma because of the extra allowances. He landed up in a remote sector of Assam and for the first time saw "the immense trading potential of the East."

In 1944, when he was invalided home with duodenal ulcers—"the result of living too long on sausages and pineapple"—he was interviewed for a civilian job. He was sent to the boss of his present firm, who asked him if he had ever sold buttons. King had not, but in a short time he was selling millions of them to blouse and dress manufacturers in the north of England. "Some of these people would ask me for plastic raw materials, which meant chemicals—and that's how it all started."

Today King lives in a semi-detached house in Plumstead, London, with his wife, Edna, and his seventeen-year-old son, Michael. He runs a 4½-litre Bentley, and takes the same amount of holidays as his staff—a fortnight. Even then he cannot forget work.

Worked During Holiday

"We went to Cornwall for a fortnight last year," says Edna King, "but he saw the chance of some business and returned to London three times." He expects those who work with him to share his disregard for normal business hours.

His need to take off at short notice for points east, sometimes in cloudy political weather, does not seem to disturb King. But his globetrotting on a single language has caused him occasional discomforts. An aircraft taking him from Peking to Moscow, across Mongolia and Siberia, landed regularly for passengers' meal-breaks. King, who had no interpreter with him, was stumped to know what to ask for in the airport restaurants, and for two days and nights he lived off borscht, a thick beetroot soup, and masandra, a Georgian wine.

"It didn't taste so bad," he says. "In my pocket I had a one and a half million pound contract." THE END

NIGHTMARE IN COPENHAGEN

Continued from page 15

answer to the unasked question. "I don't know why," he said. "Perhaps it was just knowing Anders, or the way the cable was phrased, or that I am not able to believe in coincidences, like the doctor."

"I wish I didn't owe you an apology," said Gabel, his voice trembling with helpless rage. "What filthy blackmail! To think of Anders being held as a hostage. . . ." He broke off, his eyes narrowing suddenly. "But, of course," he said, "we must be out of our minds. The letter. We have forgotten the letter and the key. That's where it is, of course. In Sweden. Viken."

"What letter?" asked Larsen, looking from one to the other. "What are you talking about? Viken? Sweden?"

The colour came back to Helga's face, the light to her eyes. "Just before you got here," she said, "a letter was delivered, a letter addressed to me, but its contents were for Richard. A map and a key. Frederik is right. That's where it must be. Let's go. Let's go immediately."

Richard watched her cross the room, so light on her feet, so graceful, and knew he was watching her only because he did not want to follow up the thoughts racing through his mind. If, to eliminate all danger of recognition and arrest, the Russians had murdered Anders when they had found that he did not have what they wanted, Richard might have convinced himself that the explosive was not of prime importance.

But the Russians had risked scandalizing the world by kidnapping a man of Anders's reputation.

The explosive must, therefore, be even more important than he or Anders had assumed. And the fact that Anders had not been able to analyse it was proof that the explosive was probably unknown. And if it was so important, then the Russians should never be given. . . .

And what right have I to decide? he asked himself. What right have I to say: which is more important—Anders's life or the surrender of the invention? Reason then interfered with the battle in his heart. Reason said with a thin, cold voice: the key and the map were sent to you. Anders wanted you to have them. Not Helga. Not Frederik Gabel. Not Iver Larsen. Not Ulla Rasmussen. Not Otto Severin. He wanted you to decide.

But when Anders had posted the letter, had he known in what dreadful circumstances he would find himself a few hours later?

RICHARD closed his eyes—closed them because he could not bear Helga's looking at him, the eyes of the doctor and the lawyer watching his lips. This letter had been written, as Gabel had said, apparently only a little while before Anders had been caught. He must, therefore, have felt himself suddenly in great personal danger, a danger he thought he might not escape, with just enough time to post a letter.

"I am sorry, Helga," he said. "Anders sent the map and the key to me. Not to you. I think that Anders therefore left all decision to me, and I am certain he would agree that I cannot surrender, never mind under what pressure, on a matter so vitally important."

In the silence that followed his words, all he saw was Helga, turning away from him, hatred in her eyes.

For a long time nobody spoke. Then Helga said, coldly, looking straight at him: "I should never have trusted you. I should never have given you the letter. Anders made a mistake in thinking you were his friend."

Somehow the doctor and the lawyer no longer seemed present. They were like shadows, the doctor sitting in a chair near the empty fireplace, his face cupped in his hands, the lawyer again pacing the wide, red brick floor. But Richard addressed these shadows, appealing to their understanding, so that they, in turn, might appeal to Helga.

"Have you thought," he said, "of

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what may happen if one day all of us are involved in a war with Russia, a war in which this German invention may give Russia a great advantage? Thousands of my compatriots might die because of it."

"What a world!" muttered the doctor, as though he had not heard. "What wickedness! There should be no curtains sealing off one part from the other. Science is free. It should be available to all, if we are ever to make this planet free from wars. Don't you see that wars can be prevented and life be made worth while only by spreading knowledge, regardless of nationalities and ideologies?"

As before, he was ignoring the point Richard was trying to make. But Iver Larsen stopped pacing.

"I don't know," he said, his wide, grey eyes troubled, "if I can accept this justification of your decision. It seems to me you are using, as an excuse for your point of view, the very attitude towards individual life which we hate so much in the Russians. Like them, you are thinking now in terms of what is good only for the masses. And seen from that angle, Anders's life, of course, counts for nothing."

Richard grew pale. He looked at Helga, the sister of the man he seemed willing to sacrifice. If only she would remember clearly at this moment what kind of person her brother was, she would understand that Anders would have acted exactly as he, Richard, was acting now. But it was too much to ask.

She felt his glance and lifted her head. "Richard," she said, "nothing matters to me but my brother. All the reasons you may be able to give, the justification you may think up, will never convince me that Anders should die because of some invention or other. It may be important to you, perhaps to the world, that the Russians should have no such advantage over the Western Powers, but all that is important to me is that Anders should live."

She spoke calmly, her voice steady; not like last night, a crying, terrified, hysterical girl. And having stated her position, she turned to Larsen.

"Iver," she said, "do you still maintain what you said before—that a protest from the Ministry of Foreign Affairs would do no good?"

"Unless a miracle happens."

"And you don't think it will?"

Larsen didn't answer, only shrugged, but the way he lifted and dropped his shoulders told more than words.

"And if he—if it comes to a trial——"

"Oh, stop it," said Larsen, and swung round to face her. "Stop torturing yourself. You know as well as I what will happen. He will be declared guilty of this theft, and shot."

"Then," said Helga, in the same clear, thin voice, "then in reality his best friend would be guilty of his death, not the Russians."

Why was it so hard, so impossible, to find the words—the right, precise words—to explain why he could behave no other way? Richard sighed. "Like you, like all of us," he said, "I love Anders. I would give my life if it would do any good. But this is something bigger than a life, mine or his. It is something. . . ."

Gabel rose from his chair. For a moment Richard thought the doctor would strike him, then Gabel turned away from him, his shoulders stooped, his thinning, reddish hair tousled from his restless, helpless, scratching hands.

"Don't say you share our feelings for Anders," he said, his quiet, tired voice sounding suddenly authoritative. "Until now, I was able to respect, if not to understand, your motives, but when you start to sound false——"

Iver Larsen broke in then. He put one hand on the doctor's arm in an attempt to quieten him. "Mr. Parker seems to have a different conception of friendship from our own," he said, and Richard was singularly aware that this old friend of Oersted's had degraded him to the rank of foreigner by something as simple as no longer calling him by his first name.

"I am not saying that the situation

". . . which brings me to a point that I know is unpopular with a great number of people . . ."

does not constitute a grave problem, does not involve consequences of the deepest concern. I know how important this German invention was to Anders, and I am sure he would have defended it with his life. But we must see things as they are. Anders is helpless now, as good as dead, if we don't surrender this container. What, I ask, would be gained by his death? Sooner or later, some scientist or other will invent a new and terrible weapon. We can only prevent the use of these weapons, not their invention. Therefore, to me this German discovery is not so important as it seems to be to Mr. Parker."

"Or to the Russians?"

Larsen suddenly took his hand and said: "Don't think like a patriot for a moment. Think like a human being."

But all humanity had died in Richard. He did not know that he had killed it because he could not bear listening to the language of his heart. He knew only that he must not give in to sentiment, must not be tempted by his friendship for Anders or swayed by his love for Helga or his sympathy for these men who were Oersted's friends.

And all he could think was: I must get to Viken before they stop me.

Already they knew the place. Helga and the doctor had seen the Swedish postmark; Gabel, looking over his shoulder, might even have spotted the name of the house, the red mark that spelled "Frigga." He moved suddenly, stepping past Larsen and into the frame of the wide-open french windows.

"Let me think about it," he said.

He walked out on to the flagstone path that ran across the yard's perfect square, as though, to get away from all arguments, he was going for a stroll between the flower beds. Opposite the living-room, the door leading into the hall opened. Ulla Rasmussen stood there, incredibly aged, an old woman who had lost all purpose in life.

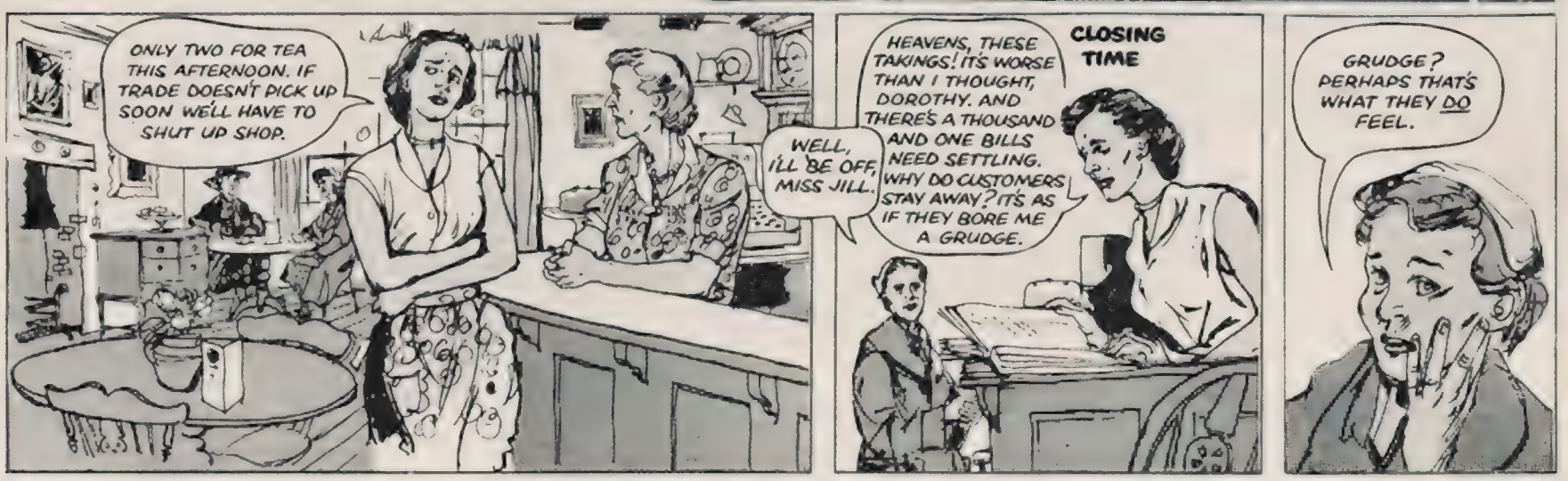
Richard walked up to her, stopped and said: "Ulla, Anders is alive," and waited till the news had penetrated her mind. till she gave a high, shrill shriek and rushed past him into the court. Only then, when she had attracted the attention of those in the living-room from himself, did he run through the hall, out of the door and down the path where he had left his car.

As he started the engine, he saw Iver Larsen running out of the house. He swung down the drive, heard Helga's anguished cry: "Stop him, Iver! Stop him!"

To be continued next week

TEA FOR TWO MEANT RUIN FOR HER

There's a cosy little picture of romantic intimacy when the talk is of tea for two. But there was an unkind twist in its meaning for Jill who'd sunk her life savings in a business . . . .


ONLY TWO FOR TEA THIS AFTERNOON. IF TRADE DOESN'T PICK UP SOON WE'LL HAVE TO SHUT UP SHOP.
WELL, I'LL BE OFF, MISS JILL.
CLOSING TIME
HEAVENS, THESE TAKINGS! IT'S WORSE THAN I THOUGHT, DOROTHY. AND THERE'S A THOUSAND AND ONE BILLS NEED SETTLING. WHY DO CUSTOMERS STAY AWAY? IT'S AS IF THEY BORE ME A GRUDGE.
GRUDGE? PERHAPS THAT'S WHAT THEY DO FEEL.

NOW THAT'S FOOLISH, DOROTHY. I GIVE THEM THE NICEST TEAS IN TOWN AND THE PLACE IS NEAT AND PRETTY.
I DON'T THINK FOR A MOMENT IT'S THE PLACE, MISS JILL. IT'S . . .
COME ON, DOROTHY. YOU'RE HIDING SOMETHING. SURELY OLD FRIENDS CAN BE FRANK AND HONEST WITH EACH OTHER.
. . . AND WITHOUT BEING CRUEL, MISS JILL, THAT'S THE TRUTH. PERSONAL FRESHNESS COUNTS FOR SO MUCH.
Copper Kettle
BUT I NEVER DREAMT...
IT'S ALL TO DO WITH THE PORES. UNLESS YOU GET ALL THE STALE PERSPIRATION OUT OF THEM... PEOPLE... JUST GET B.O. WOULD YOU MIND IF I SUGGESTED SOMETHING I FIND A REAL BLESSING?
A DAY OR SO LATER
SINCE DOROTHY GAVE ME THAT ADVICE, I'VE FELT SO WONDERFULLY FRESH... I SO LOOK FORWARD TO MY BATH NOW I'M USING LIFEBUOY TOILET SOAP
SOME WEEKS LATER
TOASTED TEACAKES, ECLAIRS AND TEA? YES, MADAM. CERTAINLY.
THIS PLACE MUST BE A LITTLE GOLDMINE. THE PROPRIETRESS IS SO FRESH AND ALIVE, TOO. A PLEASURE BEING SERVED BY HER.
THAT EVENING
TRADE'S BOOMING LIKE ONE O'CLOCK, DOROTHY. I FEEL I OWE YOU SO MUCH FOR THAT HINT YOU GAVE ME... HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO COME INTO PARTNERSHIP WITH ME...?

LBT 779-80

A *LEVER* PRODUCT

Fluorescent whiteness
for teeth discovered

Research Scientists Find Method

Did you ever notice the brilliant whiteness of a friend's teeth under those purple fluorescent lamps such as are used in the theatre? Teeth then take on a brilliant whiteness not normally apparent in ordinary lighting conditions. The difference may be likened to the contrast between a pure diamond and mere cut glass—or between a real pearl and even a good imitation. This difference is noticeable, but it needs an expert actually to *define* it. The layman just calls it "that indefinable something which makes all the difference."

Scientists in America have recently perfected a substance which gives this "indefinable something" to teeth. Even yellowish teeth are brought up shades whiter; or, where teeth are normally quite white, they are given a gem-like autoluminescence. Friends don't quite know what it is, but they do notice that there is something added to mere whiteness.

The name given to this new discovery is "decyl-carminate," which is deep ruby-red in colour, although the colour washes right off the teeth immediately after application, leaving them brilliantly white and yet with that translucent "deep" look that real pearls impart.

Decyl-carminate is applied to the teeth through the use of a toothpaste, specially compounded for the purpose, which has the unusual name of "LESS"—LESS TOOTHPASTE. The reason is that you use much less of it than of ordinary white toothpaste. A blob no bigger than a large pea does the job thoroughly. And you use "LESS" in just the same way as ordinary white toothpaste—except that you use it on a dry brush.

"LESS" is also ammoniated, to keep down decay. It cleans the teeth perfectly, and has the most delightful flavour imaginable. The ingredients are so fine that it is very "kind" to the precious dental enamel, and it is even recommended by dentists as safe for the teeth of young children. In fact, "LESS" combines all the best features of a toothpaste and fluorescent whitener in one. That is why it is gaining adherents so speedily in the theatre, film and TV worlds, both in the U.S.A. and in this country.

LESS Toothpaste, containing decyl-carminate (it is only to be found in "LESS"), is now made under licence in this country to the exact original U.S.A. formula; and it is in the best shops, price 1/7½d.

Use . . .

TOOTHPASTE

for white teeth plus that indefinable something known as the fluorescent effect.

Use less of it. A blob the size of a pea is enough. Made to the original U.S.A. formula. Ammoniated.

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Take your OLD electric shaver to your dealer TODAY!

THE BOY WHO WOULDN'T GIVE UP

Continued from page 23

his opening sentence was: "I doubt you'll be good enough for the job."

Nobody could have called it an encouraging beginning. The boy was shown his room. It had an iron bedstead, a cupboard, a chair and an oil lamp.

"'Tis enough," said the old man. "You'll be out and about most o' time."

He gave a rough outline of his daily programme. Up at five thirty, take a flask of tea and sandwiches, and out until dark.

"Remember," said Tom, wagging a horny finger, "I'm paid a pound apiece for winterin' them hoggs. 'Tis up to me an' up to you to see nowt goes wrong. I'm not one of those feckless folk. Six hundred and ninety-four hoggs is here, and six hundred and ninety-four there must be at spring."

David looked out at them, scattered among the desolate saltings. Beyond, the sea was grey, streaked with white. There was an isolation about it much more unfriendly than the tilted fells.

He had a meal and went to bed, and it seemed he had scarcely fallen asleep before Tom's voice was in his ears, and Tom was standing there, holding a lamp and saying: "Get up. You hear? 'Tis turned half five. I've no use for a sluggard."

After a hurried breakfast, they went out into the salty, biting air. Dawn had yet to break, but there was light from a waning moon. Tom spent a couple of hours conducting him around the almost featureless acres of pasturage. They came across a hogg caught up in briars, and he showed him the best way to free it, by pulling the creature steadily backwards.

"Mind you," he told him, "if briars is twined like, pullin' is no help. You'll have to cut 'em clear with your knife."

He took him down to the western flats, sea-washed Cumberland turf, vivid even in the half-light of a grey morning. The tide was out, and the muddy gutters were threaded by mere trickles of water.

"Yon are the danger spots. You've got to be careful here."

He gave a detailed and solemn warning. The place provided grand grazing. Hoggs should be allowed to browse here whenever possible. But when the tide turned, it had a trick of filling these gutters with terrible speed. Brimming and swirling, they would cut off any hoggs on the seaward side, and drown them in no time.

"You'll have to watch and be ready. I'll give you a table of tides, but you'll have to keep a sharp eye, and if the wind is strong from the sea you must drive 'em up early."

In the weeks that followed, the lad came to know the full meaning of loneliness. All day and every day he was alone, shepherding the hoggs. After the fells, the empty flats and the empty sea had a dreariness. He drifted into telling his thoughts aloud to Fleet, the sheepdog Jimmie had lent him. It wouldn't have been so bad if he had had somebody to talk to in the evenings. But Tom was taciturn, and the housekeeper, an ancient woman, seemed sourly dumb. His letters home mentioned nothing of this. He was not going to give his father the chance to say: "I told you so."

One morning, at the beginning of December, he saw Tom clumping over to him across the saltings. The old man's face looked extra dour. He curved an ominous, beckoning finger.

"Come over here."

Wondering, David joined him. Without another word the old man began to plod across to the east side of Glarrow, where the ribbon of sea narrowed into the swift channel that flowed beneath the bridge. There he stopped, and jerked his thumb downwards.

"Look yon."

A dead hogg was pinned by the current against one of the supports of the bridge. The bodies of eleven more were sprawled on the sloping bank, where they had been washed up. David stared.

"Call yourself a shepherd?" Tom's voice had the scrape of a file.

David said: "But I can't understand it! There's no reason why——"

"No reason? 'Twas high tide an hour after midday yesterday. You didn't drive 'em all clear of the flats."

"But I did! I swear I did!"

"You're either a fool or a liar," said the old man.

David flushed. "I tell you——"

"Tell me nowt. Hoggs don't drown theirselves for the fun of it. They've been cut off by full gutters." The rasping voice thickened with contempt. "A ten-year-old from the dales wouldn't have let this happen."

Near to tears of protest, David said: "I'm positive there wasn't a hogg left beyond those gutters, Mr. Foster."

"You'd have made more certain if they belonged to you. 'Tis easy to waste what belongs to others."

David was silent. It was no good arguing. The old man made a final comment. "I'm not expecting you to know much about sheep. You're only a townee pretending to learn farming. But I am expecting you to do something that any child could do." He walked away, his face dark.

David returned to his browsing hoggs, feeling sick and resentful. Early yesterday afternoon he had cleared those flats. He could have staked his life on it.

Two days afterwards, sudden shock took him in the pit of the stomach. He was patrolling the east side with Fleet. There, washed up on the bank, were the bodies of hoggs, dozens of them. More were floating in the current, towards the shore. Appalled, he ran to the house and stammered out the news to Tom Foster.

The old man's smouldering eyes bored into his. "'Twas high tide yesterday around three. Are you to tell me you cleared the flats?"

"Of course I did. Every hogg was driven up to the higher ground."

"You feckless young liar!"

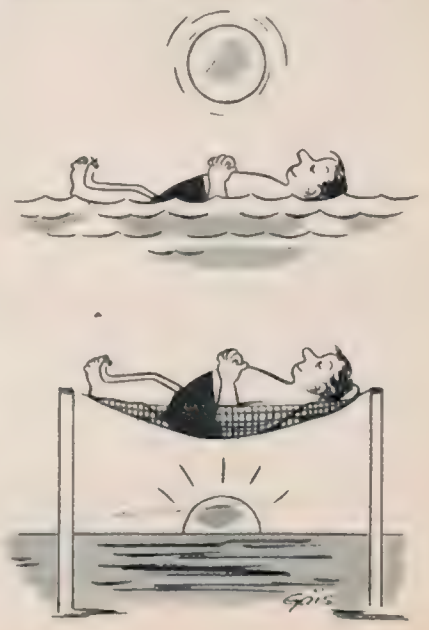
David was trembling. He said: "Mr. Foster, please listen. It's some horrible mystery. It must be. I haven't been slacking. I'm keen on farming, and I——"

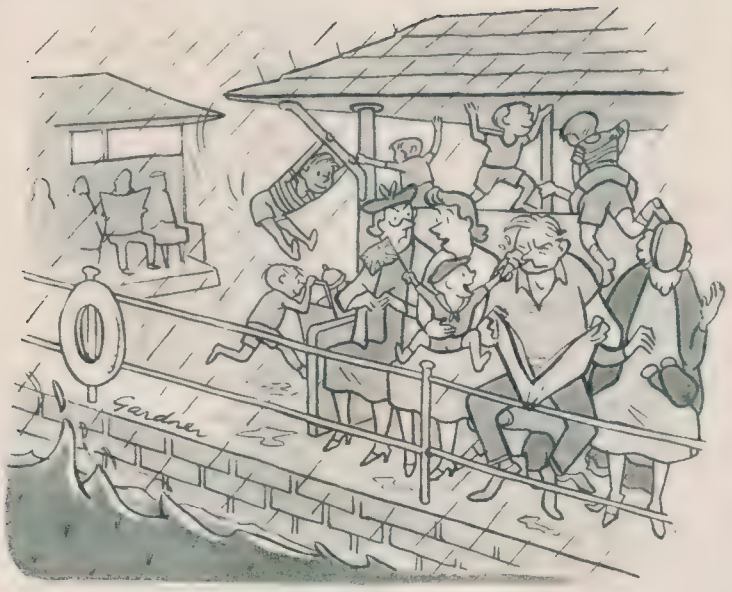
"Shut your mouth. I've had enough of you. That's right. Start crying. That's about your measure. A little lad of ten from the dale would have more guts, and be more use, than you. You'll leave at the end of the week."

Arguing and pleading were futile. He spent the rest of the daylight hours on the flats in a solitary hell of his own. The herring gulls and black-backed gulls and kittiwakes weaving aloft seemed to be screaming jeers at him.

He patted the dog, and said chokily: "It's a rotten world, Fleet. I feel like drowning myself."

Sixteen being a resilient age, misery





"It's the children I feel sorry for"

soon changed to a sort of defiance. The old man might know all about the saltings and all about sheep. But those hoggs hadn't been drowned by getting cut off by the gutters. Something else must have happened. Only what? .

The thing to do was to go out at night and watch. That was it.

His mind made up, he lay awake in his bedroom that evening. Outside, a wind from the sea strummed and whined, and a cold moon, masked intermittently by racing clouds, shed a pallid silver on the saltings.

At eleven o'clock he dressed and slipped quietly out of the house. There was no need for a torch. The moon provided plenty of light for watching. He wandered about the chilling flatness. The hoggs were small, dark blurs scattered around on the turf, some browsing, some asleep. He crossed gutters where the water drained back to the sea in receding gleams. The sea itself was a dim sepia streaked by flurries of foam.

He topped a kind of low dune, and what he saw made him stiffen. A bunch of hoggs, twenty or thirty of them, were scurrying along together, a scurry of panic towards the sea. Behind them loped a large dog, an Alsatian type.

He said through his teeth: "You devil!" and broke into a frantic run. It was all easy to understand now. More than once, he had heard, dogs from the town on the mainland had been known to cross and worry the hoggs. Last night, and two nights before that, this brute must have driven the terrified creatures into the sea.

The hoggs had halted by the edge of the surf. They were crowding together, bleating feebly. The dog had slackened to a prowling stalk. Within fifty yards of them, it changed its tactics. It began to run up and down, keeping parallel with them, and slowly getting nearer and nearer. The hoggs pressed against one another, in pitiful dread, and the rearmost of them were being shoved into the fringes of the surf.

A FURY possessed David. Shouting at the top of his lungs, he came running up. The dog turned its head, and snarled. It was a big brute, weighing all of seventy pounds. It stood with its teeth bared, defying him.

There was no stick lying around to serve as a weapon, not even a stone to throw. For a second he hesitated. If this dog escaped there was no knowing what damage it might do. It had got to be killed, now.

His bare hands shot forward, to close on its throat. With a sinuous twist, the dog jerked clear of the grip, swivelled its black muzzle and snapped its fangs deep into his forearm. The fiery agony of it made him gasp. His free hand gouged into the thick throat muscles, and the growling jaws began to open. For moments his torn arm had no power. He tried to hang on with his left hand. The dog gave a backward wrench, poised on its haunches, leaped forward and upwards at his face. Its eyes were greenish yellow in the moonlight and the reek of its breath came hot to his nostrils.

He kicked out violently, and as the jaws slashed within an inch of his chin, lost his balance and fell on his back.

Then it was on top of him, and the moonlight blotted out. He felt its body vibrating with snarling, heard the scurry of the hoggs stringing away to safety. Fangs shone white above his eyes. He thrust up his hands and caught its pointed ears, and dragged. The fangs swung upwards at his arms, and that gave him a second of grace. He rolled over, scrambled to his feet. Sand gritted in his mouth and sweat half-blinded him.

The dog sprang at him again. This time, he got thumbs and fingers deep into the hair at its throat. But the muscle beneath was taut and steely. Though he squeezed with all his strength, there was no effect. Its forefeet flailed at his thighs, and the claws seared his flesh.

FOR half a minute, under the cold moon, they fought like that, with the wind whistling about them and the sea hissing and throbbing ten yards away. And at the end of that time, in a red daze, he realized that the dog was his match. With his bare hands he could never overcome it.

He had got to let go, and either it would run off, to return another night and massacre more hoggs, or it would launch another attack on him, and how he was going to beat it off then. . . .

It was the noise of the sea that suddenly told him what to do. Hauling frantically, and wincing under the pain of those scrabbling claws, he started backing towards the edge of the surf. His hands were still tight on the dog's throat, and he dragged it with him, into the water, deeper and deeper. The cold shock of it seemed to revive his strength. His straightened arms bored downwards, and the dog's head went under water. There was a maniacal struggle, then the thing he was holding lolled limp under his grip.

Reaction set him trembling. The pain of his mauled arm, the shivering coldness, the awful thing he had done, despite the justice of it, were too much for his sheltered boyhood. As he came wading out of the sea, he was sobbing like a child.

A figure was hurrying towards him across the saltings. It was Tom Foster.

The old man said in his dour voice: "I heard a door banging, and went to shut it. 'Twas yours and you weren't in your bedroom. So I came out to look for you. I saw what happened."

Amazingly, he creased his face into a very human smile. His arms slid around David's shoulders. "Aye," he said gently. "I saw. You'll do. You'll do fine." THE END

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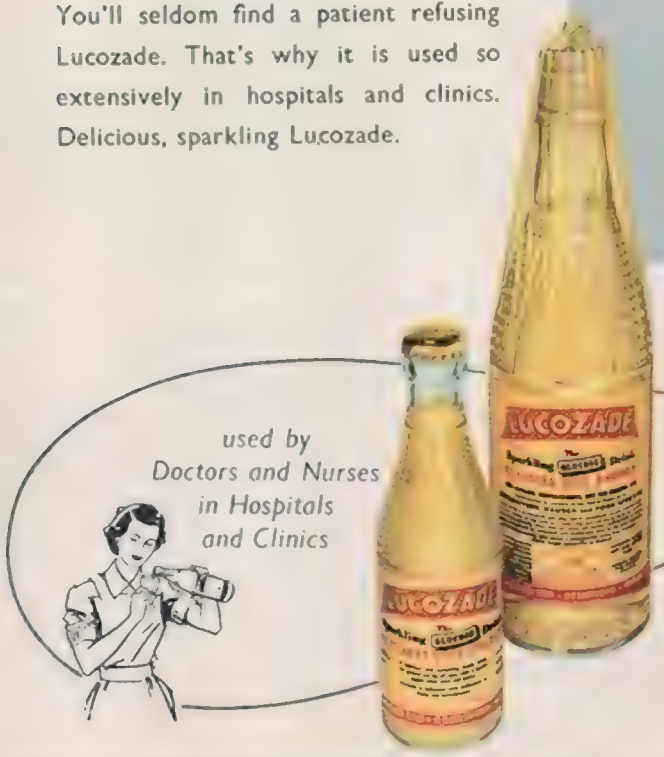

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TOWER OF APRICOTS

Continued from page 9

phone and rang René's number. Five more precious minutes ticked by. Then I heard the number ringing. It rang for a full half minute.

"This is ridiculous!" I rapped out. "How——" There was a click on the line and a man's voice answered.

"Monsieur René Famchon?" the officer asked.

"Yes." I heard the reply clearly.

"Oh, Monsieur Famchon, sorry to trouble you. This is the police. . . ."

My mind reeled. It just wasn't possible. The police officer's eyes flicked up to mine significantly. "We have a gentleman here who says you've just been kidnapped." He laughed with a sheep-like sound. "Have you been in all evening, m'sieu?. . . About a quarter of an hour. I see. Nothing——"

"Here, give me that!" I snatched the phone out of his hand. "Hallo, René?"

"Who's that?"

"Lord—it's really you! This is fantastic!"

"Is that Robert? I thought I was speaking to a policeman."

"Are you all right, René?"

"Why, yes, I think so. What's the matter?"

"But—but when you left the Casino——"

"Oh, yes, Robert. I'm sorry about that. I was very drunk. I just drifted off. Walked home. Please apologize to Alba for me."

I THOUGHT I was going mad. "*Walked home!* But I saw you dragged into a taxi. I followed the thing. I've got the driver here now. We caught him."

"What's that? You caught him?" René said sharply. "Who? Where is he?"

"Here. At the gendarmerie. Taxi and all."

"Just a moment. . . ." I heard him put down the phone. He was away about half a minute; then his voice came over again: "Sorry. My coffee just boiled over. Look, Robert. I can't make head or tail of this. I think you'd better go to bed. Sound drunk to me. I'll see you tomorrow sometime. Try and get some sleep. . . ."

Slowly, I put the phone down. Something was wrong. The idea burned and died in my mind that he had been speaking at the point of a gun. No. I would have been able to tell. It was something else. An unpleasant suspicion began to dawn on me.

Just then the gendarmes came back. They evidently had found nothing in the cab.

The officer had his fingers folded in front of him. He was clicking his long nails and looking at me with his mouth pinched in.

"Well?" he said. His voice sounded like a bullet hitting a tin hut.

They released the taxi-driver after half an hour. It took me two hours to talk myself clear. Only after the officer had spoken over the telephone to the consulate was I allowed to go back to my hotel.

I entered the foyer cautiously. I was little more than an exposed nerve by this time. There was nobody in there—only the night-clerk. I asked him if a young lady was waiting for me. He told me that he had called a cab for her about midnight. She had left me a note.

I went up to my room, flinging the door back and snapping on the light before I went in. I looked in the bathroom, under the bed. Then I sat down and read the note. It simply said that she had called the police and they had told her I had already rung. She had waited for me and now she was going home and I was to ring her.

I reached for the telephone. Five minutes later her wide-awake voice came over the wire:

"Robert, darling! I've been so worried. What happened? Have you got René?"

"No," I said. "Yes. I don't know. Everything's completely mad!" I told her what had happened. She sounded puzzled, but relieved.

"Well, thank God he's all right. There must be a perfectly simple explanation to all this, Robert." We talked on a while. The sound of her voice steadied me. We fixed to meet the next morning and discuss it then.

I hung up, leaned back, lit a cigarette. Simple explanation, eh? That was what I was afraid of.

I twisted over and reached again for the phone. I simply had to speak to René. I paused. He would be asleep. The thought of him lying calmly asleep infuriated me. Be damned to him! I relaxed back on to the pillows.

But I couldn't get him out of my mind. What did I know about René Famchon? Not a lot. He had been born in Cairo, son of a French merchant. He'd fought with the Free French in Syria under Catroux, and settled in Beirut when the war ended. What did he do for a living? He was a representative or something. Some big Cairo firm. He always seemed to have plenty of spare time. Did that add up to his being a Communist? Practically anything, I decided, could add up to anyone being a Communist.

LIGHTING a cigarette, I tried to reconstruct the evening. Somehow the Communists had known that I was to be at El-Casino. How? I remembered René's phone call. Possibly. Anyway, we had gone there and he had got himself drunk, maybe to put me off my guard. But he'd got so drunk that he had messed up his own plans. He hadn't realized that wearing my hat, in the dark, he would look like me. The men, his men, had coshed him and driven him away. It would be dark in the cab and they wouldn't have realized their mistake at once—probably not until he had come round. Then, they had immediately turned the cab round and driven back to town. They knew the police would be looking for the cab, so they dropped René back at his flat; the two thugs had dispersed and the cab had been driven to the nearest cab rank.

It made sense, I had to admit. Why else should he have denied everything over the phone? Perfect sense. Hell! I thought. What am I going to do now? They wouldn't rest till they had retrieved their mistake. Tomorrow. The next day. They'd get me somehow. It made me feel cosy thinking about it.

The next morning I got up late and went straight to the pâtisserie. Alba hadn't arrived. Shanfara was there as usual, talking to some students.

I took him by the arm and led him to an unoccupied table.

"Listen, Shan," I said. "I've been thinking it over and I've decided to take you up on that invitation to stay with you. This town's getting me down. I've got to get somewhere I can write without being interrupted."

THE Arab's eyes opened up till they looked like a pair of aces. "Why, Robert! This is magnificent! The hotel been robbing you?"

"No," I said. "I'll tell you about it later. When can you have me?"

Shanfara spread his long, narrow hands. "Any time, my friend. Now, if you like. You'll find peace there. It's quiet and cool. The outer *enceinte* of the old castle is like a terrace. You can sit there and write, with Beirut spread below you like a prayer-mat. We'll write together."

"Thanks, Shan. That's nice of you." I felt relieved. "I must get on with the book. It means a lot to me. I'd like to go up there after lunch, if that suits you."

"*Wallah!* So be it. You will not be disappointed, my friend, I promise you that."

"Robert, darling!" Suddenly Alba was nudging me across into the next chair, hugging my arm. "How is my poor old frustrated sleuth this morning?" She smelled like Paris in spring.

"Fighting back," I said. "I might even recover my pride in time."

"Poor old darling. I could kill René! Honestly, this town is getting like Chicago."

"Apt."

"I just saw the police down in the suk. They were making a raid. Cars, rifles, everything. There was a big

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crowd. I stopped and watched them."

Shanfara and I both sat up in our seats.

"Whereabouts?" the Arab asked.

"Bab-Ismail. They arrested four men in a potter's shop. One of them had a cap like a taxi-driver. One was the potter himself, I think."

"Ahmed Qassim!" Shanfara breathed.

I stared at him. "Did you say Qassim?"

"Yes. He's well known. He's a revolutionary."

And the other two? Presumably the thugs of last night. Had the police followed up my report after all? I wondered. If they had I would be required as a witness again. "Oh, no!" I said aloud. "I can't bear it. Shan, I'll pick you up at two thirty sharp. I'm not staying in this town a moment longer than I have to!"

Alba and I lunched at the Normandie. I didn't tell her my suspicions about René. I simply told her I was going to stay with Shanfara for a few days. She seemed to think it was a good idea. We agreed to meet the following evening in Aley. She had a swimming date at the St. Georges and went off before two.

I got my baggage down to the car, paid the bill and drove up through Bab-Idriss.

Shanfara was waiting at the crossing. He climbed in and we took the mountain road up out of the town. As we climbed slowly above the coastal haze I felt as though a great load was slipping from my shoulders. The sunlight spilled everywhere. The air was clean and bright. The view behind us was like something out of a plane, then gradually like something out of an atlas. We passed through Aley. The snob villas dwindled; fell away. When we got to the pass, we turned north on to a mountain track which lumped and fell across the dizzy corrugations of the watershed.

At last Shanfara pointed. "There it is!"

AHEAD sprawled a grey heap of ruins, of crumbled walls and battlements, in the centre of which, like an upturned bucket of stones, stood a tower.

It was certainly lonely enough, I thought. We bumped towards it and around the overgrown *enceinte* into a sort of courtyard. Chickens squawked and scattered as we came to a stop. A sullen-looking peasant watched us from a cramped vineyard set among the fortifications. The door of the tower opened and a woman came out. She was wild and dirty looking, dressed like a muzarah peasant in a pink smock and trousers. She was bare footed.

"Rana, my second wife," Shanfara said as we got out. He shouted something. The woman answered him and withdrew. I looked at him askance. How little we know about people, I thought. It hadn't occurred to me that his women might be like that.

It was cool after the coast. A lonely wind fanned my cheek. There was a faint murmur in the air, like the breath of distant thunder. It puzzled me. I tried to place it, but couldn't.

"Beautiful, is it not, my friend?" the Arab said. "See the wild apricots? This ruin is called in my tongue The Tower of Apricots. Its stones have written excellent stanzas in my soul. You must see the view."

He led me over the mounds to the waist-high *enceinte*.

LIKE a scattering of pebbles far below us lay Beirut. The coastline was the huge writing of a child and the sea was thicker and darker and more solid-looking than the land. We were on the edge of a cliff. The feeling of height started very low down inside me and moved coldly through my body.

"I write here," Shanfara said. "Magnificent, isn't it? So high, so strong. Your Crusaders built it. They were men. Men of flame, Robert. They believed in something and were prepared to slaughter for it. A man should be prepared to slaughter for his beliefs."

"Even if what he believes in says he must not kill?"

"That is not belief. It is a bedtime tale. A muttering of women by candlelight. Come, Robert. I have something else to show you."

He led me towards what must have been the keep of the old castle. To get there, we had to pass the vineyard again. The peasant was leaning on his *fass*, still watching us.

Shanfara led the way down a flight of stone steps which led down into the ground. "To the dungeons," he said. "Come carefully—the steps are bad."

I followed him down into the semi-darkness. Presently we were standing in a vaulted tunnel into which opened a dozen or so roughly hewn cells. The ceilings of a few had caved in and the sunlight penetrated in long spears to the rubble.

Down here, the rumbling sound I had heard was much louder. Water, I thought. Somewhere. Tons of it. It shuddered the air, the ground, like the bursting of distant bombs.

I shivered. The atmosphere was oppressive. I glanced round at the gloomy cells, then back up towards the entrance.

A face was peering down at me. It was the peasant. I turned and followed Shanfara, a feeling of uneasiness dilating inside me.

All the way along, the tunnel was lit by light seeping through holes in the ground above. With every step, the roar and shudder of the water grew. The

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"Does this do any good, dear?"

tunnel narrowed, and suddenly there was no more light.

Shanfara struck a match. "Be very careful," he said. "There are more steps and they are slippery."

We had to duck our heads. The stairway was very steep and the risers were worn almost flat.

Presently I found myself standing on a ledge about ten feet wide, surrounded by darkness. The noise was deafening. In the feeble light of the match I could make out neither the far wall nor the roof. In the blackness below us the water boiled and thundered and made vile choking sounds.

The match went out. Instinctively I pressed myself back against the wall. Shanfara lit another. He looked at me. His eyes were amused. He beckoned.

I followed him cautiously to the edge. He held the match out over the abyss and pointed down. I could just distinguish the movement of the foam far below us.

I wanted to ask him about it, but it was useless to speak. The Crusaders had probably used it as their water supply. Very convenient. For that and other things. It was a river, of course. An underground river. Strange, I thought; I knew of no such river. I wondered where it came out. Probably—a sudden appalling idea lit up my mind like a starshell. The Frenchman! It came out under the sea!

THE whole thing was instantly clear to me. They had brought him up here and thrown him in. There were probably falls and shelves underground which had delayed his body's progress those two days.

And Shanfara—of course he was in it. I should have guessed. Shanfara—the poet of the people, the bitter, unpredictable Shanfara. What a fool I'd been! He was peering at me now, wondering if I had guessed, maybe. He was holding a match over me, well away from his body.

Something in his eyes warned me. I twisted round—just in time to see the shadowy figure, with the *fass* swinging back and up.

I ducked and threw myself at his legs. The implement caught me a glancing blow across the back. The match went out. The man piled down on top of me. I rolled out from under him in the darkness and ran for the steps. I hit the wall; began groping about frantically for the entrance.

Another match flared behind me. I turned. Shanfara was kneeling on the rock, cupping the light in his hand. The peasant was still on the ground. He pushed himself up and came for me again with the *fass* raised. Bracing my hands against the wall, I kicked out with my feet; caught him in the chest. The implement smashed down on to my thigh sickeningly. He staggered backwards. Shanfara threw himself flat and the man caught his heels against him, toppled over backwards, clawing at the air, his mouth a black hole of horror. The match went out, but I knew he had gone over. I listened, but the roar of the water snuffed out his scream.

I HAD one idea—and that was to get out of here. I groped blindly along the wall; fell over. The *fass* had paralysed the muscles of my thigh. I got up with difficulty; felt a cool blast of air. The entrance!

I reached it at the same instant as Shanfara. We wedged in it, shoulder to shoulder. Then we turned on each other and fought. We were deaf, dumb and blind, and we fought like beasts, tearing at each other's faces in a nightmarish panic.

The Arab got me by the throat and dug his thumbs into my windpipe. I clawed at his eyes, but he pressed his face against his arm. Lights started bursting in my brain. I made a wedge of my fists and drove them upwards between his forearms, breaking his hold.

Before he could get another grip, I swung my left hand back and drove it full into his stomach. I felt the hard flatness of his flesh evenly on my fist. Something hit my shoulder. It was his chin. I lashed out again with everything I had. His head must have been down. The shock went right up into my shoulder. I half-fell, half-dropped to the ground, gripping my wrist. I felt the bones click loosely and knew it was broken.

I crouched there in the darkness, listening for another sound above the stultifying roar of the water, waiting for Shanfara to leap upon me. Nothing happened. He might have been standing over me or crouching on the rock a yard from me. He might have gone backwards over the edge.

A minute or an hour passed. Nothing brushed against me. I didn't dare to light a match. I began to move; groped around until I felt the steps and began to drag myself painfully up them. Nothing came after me. After an age, I reached the tunnel, and light.

I got up then and hop-limped on past the cells and up into the air.

It was warm among the rocks and there was the dry, sweet smell of artemisia. The sun was just beginning

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OH, JOHNNY! — *by TIM*

to sink into a golden web of cloud. I sank down, exhausted.

Presently I heard the skitter of stones and looked up. It was René! He hadn't seen me. He was picking his way cautiously among the fortifications and he was carrying a rifle. Oh, no! I thought. I couldn't fight any more. It wasn't worth even trying to run. I lay there and watched him come towards me, looking around him, the rifle held at the ready.

He saw me then; stopped, snapping the rifle to his shoulder and aiming full at me. I braced myself for the impact.

"Robert!" He was suddenly running towards me. He knelt down beside me and gripped my arm. "Robert, thank God you're all right!" He stood up and shouted something in Arabic. Two more men with rifles appeared from the ruins and came running up. He turned to me.

"When we saw your car and no one about we thought it was too late."

An hour later we were speeding back to town in the Renault. René was driving. Alba was there; she had apparently insisted on coming up with them. She had fixed up my wrist temporarily and was making a great fuss of me in the back. René's men were following up in their car, just behind.

René had explained that it was through Alba that they had arrived on the scene so fast. He had come round to see me not ten minutes after I had left the hotel. While he was questioning the clerk, Alba had come back for her swim-things, which she had forgotten, and they had run into one another. She had told him where I'd gone and the panic had started.

While Alba was fixing me up in the car, René and the men had gone back to look for Shanfara. They had found nothing on the ledge. It was just possible that the Arab had escaped up the steps and out through the roof of one of the cells, but my guess was that the last punch had taken him over the edge. It was unsatisfactory not knowing, but I guess you can't have everything.

But René. He told me his side of it on the way down. He was a government agent, and his department had been after Shanfara for two years; couldn't get anything on him. When I had been called as a witness, apparently, he had been allocated to do my undercover protection. I had my own views on how well he did that.

His department had been pretty sure that the Party would try to make an example of me while the papers were still hot with the trial. That was why he'd been so dubious about the wisdom of going out on our bender last night. But when he saw I was so keen he got the idea of laying a trap.

"I rang up the chief," René said, "and got him to lay on a car and two men and have them wait outside El-Casino. All three of the recent killings had followed the same pattern—a bang on the head and then a taxi ride. I banked on that when I pinched your hat. If they had used a knife it would have been too bad. But they didn't. I had padded the hat out first with table napkins from the club, and when I went up the steps and they coshed me they didn't even knock me out.

"The idea was for our car to pull straight out after them and make an arrest. But for some reason the damned thing wouldn't start. I lay on the floor of the cab and waited. Nothing happened. It was dark and they couldn't see that they'd got the wrong man. I waited a bit longer and still nothing happened, so I sat up and started to yell in French.

"It took them about five minutes to realize that I wasn't you. They got into a panic then and headed the taxi back towards the square. I tried to get a look at them, but they were wearing handkerchiefs over their faces. They pitched me out in the street—as it happened, only a few minutes from my flat—and drove off.

"I walked home. A few minutes later the car turned up. They had finally got it started. I was furious. We were right back where we'd started.

"And then out of the blue you rang up. When you said you'd got the taxi, I sent the car straight up to the gendarmerie to get on to its tail. Eventually it led them to Qassim's house. We picked up the whole lot of them this morning, as you probably heard."

I NODDED. "I think you might have tipped off the police at the gendarmerie what the hell you were up to. I nearly wound up in jail!"

René laughed. "I'm sorry about that, Robert. You see, we're quite independent of the police: we trust no one but ourselves."

"Not even me."

"Not even you, Robert."

I raised an eyebrow at Alba. His smugness irritated me.

"Very smart," I said. "Very clever. Everything works so well in your department. The cars all start. The traps all work. You did a wonderful job."

"Especially the way you caught Shanfara," Alba said.

René scowled at us in the mirror. "May I remind you that nobody caught him! He may not be dead. If you're so smart, perhaps you can tell us how we can find out if he is or not."

"I might," I said. "Meet me at the Bains Militaires the day after tomorrow and I'll take you on a boating trip round the point. Sometimes it's surprising the way old acquaintances just come popping up!" THE END

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